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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales of my Landlord. Third Series. Collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham. Edinburgh. 4 vols. 12mo.

The third, and, we are assured in a postscript, the last series of these popular tales, has just appeared, and consists of two novels founded on legendary history, viz. *The Bride of Lammermoor*, occupying two volumes and a half, and *Montrose*, which fills the latter moiety of the third, and the whole of the fourth volume. The author, on taking leave, assumes that he has exhibited sufficient varieties of the Scottish character to exhaust one individual's observation, though a large harvest yet remains behind for other labourers capable of gathering it in. He who penned this proposition is undoubtedly the best judge of the extent of his own powers, and it may be that he has arrived nearer the lees of his invention than is intimated by his writings (saying, indeed, that the tales now before us are less illustrative of national character and Scottish peculiarities than any of those which preceded them;) but we entirely doubt the fact that there exist persons competent to take up the sickle which he abandons, and finish reaping that field which he has *shorn and banded* with so much spirit and success.

To each of the new tales there is a preface, of the description almost peculiar to the author, and shewing that he is not less competent to the amusing delineation of modern manners and circumstances, than to the faithful portraiture of men and customs belonging to elder times. But as we may not, perhaps, be able conveniently to compress a review of both these essays within the bounds of one of our Numbers, we shall, in the first instance, take up the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and the sketch which introduces her to our acquaintance.

It is extraordinary, that in directing attention to a work from so justly celebrated a hand, we should stumble on the very threshold; but we cannot avoid remarking, that the name is incongruous, and the first sentence ungrammatical. The substitution of *moor* for *muir* may be defended; but we are afraid that the second offence is only one proof among

many, that considerable haste and carelessness have accompanied the preparation of these volumes. Sorry, sorry should we be if a graver excuse might be urged; but if general opinion points rightly to the author, it is too true that the plea of ill health and painful suffering may be received as the apology for a general declension of vigour as well as for any slight errors which have escaped correction in revising the press for the public eye. The passage which has occasioned these strictures is as follows, and worthy of quotation for the matter it states.

Few have been in my secret while I was compiling these narratives, nor is it probable that *they* [it] will ever become public during the life of *their* [the] author.

The story of *Dick Tinto*, an artist, is then told as a justification of the writer's wish to remain incognito, rather than to become one of the *Lions* of a metropolitan winter. Dick, it seems, was more ambitious of personal distinction, and after painting signs and portraits at Ganderclough, went to Edinburgh and London in pursuit of "the bubble reputation." There is a good deal of humour in the account of his earlier career, of shrewd observation on his more forward fortunes, and of pathos in the denouement of his melancholy fate.

He particularly shone in painting horses, that being a favourite sign in the Scottish villages; and in tracing his progress it is beautiful to observe, how by degrees he learned to shorten the backs, and prolong the legs of these noble animals, until they came to look less like crocodiles, and more like nags. Detraction, which always pursues merit with strides proportioned to its advancement, has indeed alleged, that Dick once upon a time painted a horse with five legs, instead of four. I might have rested his defence upon the licence allowed to that branch of the profession, which, as it permits all sorts of singular and irregular combinations, may be allowed to extend itself so far as to bestow a limb supernumerary on a favourite subject. But the cause of a deceased friend is sacred; and I disdain to bottom it so superficially. I have visited the sign in question, which yet swings exalted in the village of Langdirum, and I am ready to depone upon oath, that what has been idly mistaken or misrepresented as being the fifth leg of the horse, is, in fact, the tail of that quadruped, and, considered with reference to the posture in which he is represented, forms a circumstance, introduced and managed

with great and successful, though daring art. The nag being represented in a rampant or rearing posture, the tail, which is prolonged till it touches the ground, appears to form a *point d'appui*, and gives the firmness of a tripod to the figure, without which it would be difficult to conceive, placed as the feet are, how the courser could maintain his ground without tumbling backwards. This bold conception has fortunately fallen into the custody of one by whom it is duly valued; for, when Dick, in his more advanced state of proficiency became dubious of the propriety of so daring a deviation from the established rules of art, and was desirous to execute a picture of the publican himself in exchange for this juvenile production, the courteous offer was declined by his judicious employer, who had observed, it seems, that when his ale failed to do its duty in conciliating his guests, one glance at his sign was sure to put them in good humour.

This is fine and playful irony both in style and thought; nor is there any part of the poor Artist's memoirs which is not happily touched.

In Edinburgh, Dick's talents were discovered and appreciated, and he received dinners and hints from several distinguished judges of the fine arts. But these gentlemen dispensed their criticism more willingly than their cash, and Dick thought he needed cash more than criticism. He therefore sought London, the universal mart of talent. - - - Here

He threw himself headlong into the crowd which jostled and struggled for notice and preferment. He elbowed others, and was elbowed himself; and finally, by dint of intrepidity, fought his way into some notice, painted for the prize at the Institution, had pictures at the exhibition at Somerset House, and damned the hanging Committee. But poor Dick was doomed to lose the field he fought so gallantly. - - He was for a time patronised by one or two of those judicious persons who make a virtue of being singular, and of pitching their own opinions against those of the world in matters of taste and criticism. But they soon tired of poor Tinto, and laid him down as a load, upon the same principle on which a spoilt child throws away its plaything. Misery, I fear, took him up, and accompanied him to a premature grave, to which he was carried from an obscure lodging in Swallow Street, where he had been dunned by his landlady within doors, and watched by bailiffs without, until death came to his relief. A corner of the *Morning Post* noticed his death, generously adding, that his manner displayed considerable genius, though his style was rather sketchy; and referred to an advertisement which announced that Mr. Varnish, the

well-known print-seller, had still on hand a very few drawings and paintings by Richard Tinto, Esquire, which those of the nobility and gentry who might wish to complete their collections of modern art were invited to visit without delay.

But we have allowed this clever episode to divert us too long from the main story, which is given out as being woven from MS. notes of Tinto's, who was interested by the tradition while taking views of Ravenswood Castle in East Lothian, the scene of the fatal drama of the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

The family of the Lords of Ravenswood had gradually sunk into decay during the agitated times which preceded the Union, and the last Lord, Allan, from being a high feudal baron was attainted, and his estates fell a prey to the legal subtleties of the Lord Keeper, Sir W. Ashton, who became possessor of Ravenswood Castle, while the fallen house found a wild refuge in the Wolf's Crag, a fortalice on a rock overhanging the sea not far from Berwick. At this point the novel commences. Allan dies in the wretched retreat of Wolf's Crag, and is grandly buried by his only son, Edgar, called, by courtesy, the Master of Ravenswood, who expends the amount of two years of his slender income on this ceremony. An occurrence takes place at the funeral, which inflames the feud between the Ashtons and the Ravenswoods, to the highest pitch. The latter being Tories observe the High-Church rites, which are interrupted by the Whigs, to which faction the former belong, under a warrant signed by Sir W. Ashton, as the nearest Privy Counsellor; the mourners, however, resist this authority; the corpse is deposited in the earth, amid a circle of drawn swords, and young Ravenswood loudly vows eternal hatred and revenge against the vile spoilers of his father's fortune, the profane intruders upon his burial rites.

Sir W. Ashton's family consists of Lady Ashton, a Douglas of immeasurable ambition and violent passions; two sons, Colonel Ashton, and a boy, Henry; and one daughter, Lucy, a soft and rather romantic girl, the heroine of the tale. Young Ravenswood, on the eve of quitting Scotland for the exiled court at St. Germain, through the persuasions of a worthless and cowardly sycophant, called Craigengelt, and a spendthrift but brave and good humoured prodigal, Hayston, laird of Bucklaw, is tempted by the former, in the hope of a fatal issue, to leave his personal maledictions with the Lord Keeper. The malignant view is disappointed, and instead of cursing the Ashtons, Edgar is made the providential instrument of saving both father and daughter from the mortal attack of a wild bull, an animal then kept, as now at Lord Tankerville's, in many gentlemen's Parks. An attachment between the young people springs out of this adventure, and the Lord Keeper discovers that it is his interest rather to encourage than oppose the

match. His imperious Lady being absent, affairs go on in an even current for some time, in spite of portents and prophecies, which bode nothing but horrors, from the indication of attachment between a Ravenswood and an Ashton. The principal personages who figure in these superstitious inferences, are Caleb Balderstone, an old and the last domestic at Wolf's Crag; Alice Gray, a decayed and blind retainer of the Ravenswoods; and Ailsie Gourlay, Annie Winnie, and a third demi-witch, ancient villagers, who make philters, tell fortunes, and attend to lay out the dead, &c. Caleb is the character drawn most at length, and most originally. Wolf's Crag is in absolute desolation; but when visitors come, he lies, like a Scapin, through thick and thin, to make all appear a land flowing with milk and honey, for the honour of the family. His fidelity is boundless, and his invention in the way we have alluded to, equally unlimited. Perhaps his shifts are carried beyond the verge of probability, but they are extremely amusing, even when he steals two wild ducks roasting at the Cooper's fire, in order to furnish his master and his guests a supper; and when he pretends to burn the house to avoid a visit from the Marquis of A—, for whose presence he is unprovided. Blind Alice is a more mysterious being, and her ghost actually appears to Ravenswood after her death. The three witches are such crones as might be expected from the accurate and vigorous pen of this incomparable author—they croak of evil, they enjoy the calamities of others, they are discontented, envious, malicious, fiend-like. Ailsie Gourlay is one of Lady Ashton's tools in breaking Lucy's engagement with Ravenswood, and marrying her to Bucklaw, who has succeeded to the large property of his aunt, Lady Girlington; and in this, we doubt, is raised rather out of her pauper sphere to answer the purposes of the plot. It is when "the Master" is on the eve of setting out to visit Sir W. Ashton and his daughter at Ravenswood, that the trembling Caleb mutters out the prophecy to deter his much-loved chief:—

When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,
And woe a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermore.

The Kelpie's flow is a quicksand, not far from Wolf's Crag; but as Lucy is alive, and her lover has no intention of stabling his steed in that way, he proceeds fearless of this Meg Merrilies-like prediction. Nor is it fulfilled till after many adventures, and the falling in of other sinister omens, and the utterance of other fatal warnings.

In the end, Lucy being wrought upon to forfeit her pledge to Ravenswood, is married to Bucklaw, whom she stabs in a fit of insanity on their wedding night; and dies on the ensuing day but one. Ravenswood, unbidden, attends her funeral, and is challenged by her brother, Colonel Ashton; going to meet whom on the following morning, he rides upon the fatal Kelpie's

flow, and man and horse are swallowed up never to be seen more. Bucklaw recovers and reforms; Colonel Ashton is killed in Flanders; the politic father dies soon after, and his son Henry also terminates his life unmarried, leaving the selfish and cruel Lady Ashton to a desolate and miserable old age.

Such are the rude outlines of *The Bride of Lammermoor*; from which it will be seen, that not merely the superstitious but the supernatural has been resorted to in order to increase the interest, and not only the characteristic but the exaggerated, in order to produce a comic relief. In both these points there is an injurious departure from the original novels, at least in quantum, and the actual apparition of Alice, and prophecies of Ailsie Gourlay, as far outstrip in possibility the astrology of *Mannerling* and gipsy rhymes of *Meg Merrilies*, as the farcical tricks and impostures of Caleb exceed the natural markings of the faithful housekeeper in *Old Mortality*, to whom he bears a general resemblance. Further we may observe, that the incidents altogether border more upon the improbable than the better contrived circumstances in preceding publications. But there is still the same admirable drawing and keeping in the dramatic personæ. Not only has the author exquisitely portrayed among his principals the temporising, undecided, timorous, and intriguing Sir W. Ashton, whose cunning digs its own pit; the haughty, unfeeling, vindictive temper of his Lady; the struggling between hereditary revenge and new-born love in Ravenswood; the mingled nature and romance, passiveness and desperation of Lucy; the rude honour and profligate debasement of Bucklaw; the sacrifice-despising attachment of Caleb;—but the inferior agents are all touched with the skill of a master. Girder the cooper, with his wife and mother-in-law, Craigengelt the sycophant, Colonel and Henry Ashton, Mort-hugh the fiddling grave-digger, Lord Turntippet, Norman the forester, and all the "noticeable" villagers of Wolf's Hope, are drawn with the finest tact. These are the representatives of their respective genera, and so long as human nature continues, the truth of their delineation will be felt and acknowledged. But lest we tire our readers with our own notions rather than amuse them by following our usage of laying specimens of the work which we review before them, we, to use a favourite phrase of the author's, "postpone" all further parlance, and proceed to extract a few passages from the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

The first approach of Ravenswood with a stranger guest, Bucklaw, to the Tower of Wolf's Crag, affords a fair example of the shifts to which Caleb is often afterwards obliged to resort for the dignity of that ruined establishment. The master had knocked so loudly, that he might have roused the seven sleepers, and with much difficulty procured admission—

At length Caleb, with a trembling hand, undid the bars, opened the heavy door, and stood before them, exhibiting his thin grey hairs, bald forehead, and sharp high features, illuminated by a quivering lamp which he held in one hand, while he shaded and protected its flame with the other. The timorous courteous glance which he threw around him—the effect of the partial light upon his white hair and illumined features, might have made a good painting; but our travellers were too impatient for security against the rising storm, to permit them to indulge themselves in studying the picturesque. “Is it you, my dear master? is it yourself indeed?” exclaimed the old domestic. “I am wae ye suld hae stude waiting at your ain gate, but wha wad hae thought o’ seeing ye sae sune, and a strange gentleman with a—(here he exclaimed apart as it were, and to some inmate of the tower, in a voice not meant to be heard by those in the court)—Mysie—Mysie, woman, stir for dear life and get the fire mended; take the auld three-legged stool, or any thing that’s readiest that will make a lowe.—I doubt we are but puirly provided, no expecting ye this some months, when doubtless ye wad hae been received conform till your rank, as gude right is; but naethes!”

“Naethes, Caleb,” said the Master, “we must have our horses put up, and ourselves too, the best way we can. I hope you are not sorry to see me sooner than you expected?”

“Sorry, my lord!—I am sure ye sall aye be my lord wi’ honest folk, as your noble ancestors hae been these three hundred years, and never asked a whig’s leave—Sorry to see the Lord of Ravenswood at one o’ his ain castles!—(Then again apart to his unseen associate behind the screen)—Mysie, kill the brood-hen without thinking twice on it; let them care that come shunt.—No to say its our best dwelling,” he added, turning to Bucklaw, “but just a strength for the Lord of Ravenswood to flee until,—that is, no to flee, but to retreat until in troublous times, like the present, when it was ill convenient for him to live farther in the country in any of his better and mair principal manors; but, for its antiquity, maist folks think that the outside of Wolf’s Crag is worthy of a large perusal.”

“And you are determined we shall have time to make it,” said Ravenswood, somewhat amused with the shifts the old man used to detain them without doors, until his confederate Mysie had made her preparations within.

“O, never mind the outside of the house, my good friend,” said Bucklaw; “let’s see the inside, and let our horses see the stable, that’s all.”

“O yes, sir—ay, sir—unquestionably, sir,—my lord and ony of his honourable companions.”

“But our horses, my old friend—our horses; they will be dead-foudered by standing here in the cold after riding hard, and mine is too good to be spoiled; therefore, once more, our horses,” exclaimed Bucklaw.

“True—ay—your horses—yes—I will call the grooms;—and sturdily did Caleb roar till the old tower rung again,—“John—William—Saunders!”—The lads are gane out, or sleeping,” he observed, after pausing for an answer, which he knew that he had no human chance of receiving. “A’ gaes wrang when the Master’s out bye; but I’ll take care o’er your cattle myself.”

“I think you had better,” said Ravenswood, “otherwise I see little chance of their being attend d to at all.”

“Whisht, my lord,—whisht, for God’s sake,” said Caleb, in an imploring tone, and apart to his master; “if ye dinna regard your ain credit, think on mine; we’ll hae hard enough wark to make a decent night o’ it, wi’ a’ the lies I can tell.”

“Well, well, never mind,” said his master; “go to the stable. There is hay and corn, I trust?”

“Ou ay, plenty of hay and corn;” this was uttered boldly and aloud, and, in a lower tone, “there was some half fous o’ aits, and some taitis o’ meadow-hay left after the burial.”

“Very well,” said Ravenswood, taking the lamp from his domestic’s unwilling hand, “I will shew the stranger up stairs myself.”

“I canna think o’ that, my lord;—if ye wad but hae five minutes, or ten minutes, or, at maist, a quarter of an hour’s patience, and look at the fine moonlight prospect of the Bass and North-Berwick Law till I sort the horses, I would marshal ye up, as reason is ye suld be marshalled, your lordship and your honourable visitor. And I hae lockit up the siller candlesticks, and the lamp is not fit.”

“It will do very well in the meantime,” said Ravenswood, “and you will have no difficulty for want of light in the stable, for, if I recollect, half the roof is off.”

“Very true, my lord,” replied the trusty adherent, and with ready wit instantly added, “and the lazy sclater loons have never comd to put it on a’ this while, your lordship.”

“If I were disposed to jest at the calamities of my house,” said Ravenswood, as he led the way up stairs, “poor old Caleb would furnish me with ample means.”

The result of this droll scene is, if possible, more ludicrous than its opening; but we must shorten it for an extract of a more solemn kind. Ravenswood, insultingly driven from his forefathers’ ancient mansion by Lady Ash-

ton, rides furiously towards the Mermaid’s well, a place reported fatal to his house, where he had interchanged vows with Lucy. As he approached the solitary fountain—

His horse, which was moving slowly forward, suddenly interrupted its steady and composed pace, snorted, reared, and, though urged by the spur, refused to proceed, as if some object of terror had suddenly presented itself. On looking to the fountain, Ravenswood discerned a female figure, dressed in a white, or rather greyish mantle, placed on the very spot on which Lucy Ashton had reclined while listening to the fatal tale of love. His immediate impression was, that she had conjectured by which path he would traverse the park on his departure, and placed herself at this well-known and sequestered place of rendezvous, to indulge her own sorrow and his in a parting interview. In this belief he jumped from his horse, and, making its bridle fast to a tree, walked hastily towards the fountain, pronouncing eagerly, yet under his breath, the words, “Miss Ashton!—Lucy!”

The figure turned as he addressed it, and displayed to his wondering eyes the features, not of Lucy Ashton, but of old blind Alice. The singularity of her dress, which rather resembled a shroud than the garment of a living woman—the appearance of her person, larger, as it struck him, than it usually seemed to be—above all, the strange circumstance of a blind, infirm, and decrepit person being found at a distance from her habitation (considerable if her infirmities be taken into account,) combined to impress him with a feeling of wonder approaching to fear. As he approached, she arose from her seat, held her shrivelled hand up as if to prevent his coming more near, and her withered lips moved fast, although no sound issued from them. Ravenswood stopped; and as, after a moment’s pause, he again advanced towards her, Alice, or her apparition, moved or glided backwards towards the thicket, still keeping her face turned towards him. The trees soon hid the form from his sight; and, yielding to the strong and terrific impression that the being which he had seen was not of this world, the Master of Ravenswood remained rooted to the ground whereon he had stood when he caught his last view of her. At length, summoning up his courage, he advanced to the spot on which the figure had seemed to be seated; but neither was there pressure of the grass, nor any other circumstance, to induce him to believe that what he had seen was real and substantial.

Full of those strange thoughts and confused apprehensions which awake in the bosom of one who conceives he has witnessed some preternatural appearance, the Master of Ravenswood walked back towards his horse, frequently, however, looking behind him, not without apprehension, as if expecting that the vision would reappear. But the apparition, whether it was

real, or whether it was the creation of a heated and agitated imagination, returned not again; and he found his horse sweating and terrified, as if experiencing that agony of fear, with which the presence of a supernatural being is supposed to agitate the brute creation.

To satisfy his mind, he rides on to Alice's cottage.

Her seat beneath the birch-tree was vacant, though the day was pleasant, and the sun was high. He approached the hut, and heard from within the sobs and wailing of a female. No answer was returned when he knocked, so that, after a moment's pause, he lifted the latch and entered. It was indeed a house of solitude and sorrow. Stretched upon her miserable pallet lay the corpse of the last retainer of the house of Ravenswood, who still abode on their paternal domains. Life had but shortly departed; and the little girl by whom she had been attended in her last moments was wringing her hands and sobbing, betwixt childish fear and sorrow, over the body of her mistress.

The Master of Ravenswood had some difficulty to compose the terrors of the poor child, whom his unexpected appearance had at first rather appalled than comforted; and when he succeeded, the first expression which the girl used intimated that "he had come too late." Upon enquiring the meaning of this expression, he learned that the deceased, upon the first attack of the mortal agony, had sent a peasant to the castle to beseech an interview of the Master of Ravenswood, and had expressed the utmost impatience for his return. But the messengers of the poor are tardy and negligent: the fellow had not reached the castle, as was afterwards learned, until Ravenswood had left it, and had then found too much amusement among the retinue of the strangers to return in any haste to the cottage of Alice. Meantime her anxiety of mind seemed to increase with the agony of her body; and, to use the phrase of *Babie*, her only attendant, "she prayed powerfully that she might see her master's son once more, and renew her warning." She died just as the clock in the distant village tolled one; and Ravenswood remembered, with internal shuddering, that he had heard the chime sound through the wood just before he had seen what he was now much disposed to consider as the spectre of the deceased.

The girl is sent to the village for the needful assistance, and Ravenswood gives way to many melancholy reflections.

He was relieved, however, from his sad office sooner than he could reasonably have expected, from the distance betwixt the hut of the deceased and the village, and the age and infirmities of three old women, who came from thence, in military phrase, to relieve guard upon the body of the defunct. On any other occasion the speed of these reverend sybils would have been much more moderate, for the first was eighty

years of age and upwards, the second was paralytic, and the third lame of a leg from some accident. But the burial duties rendered to the deceased, are, to the Scottish peasant of either sex, a labour of love. I know not whether it is from the temper of the people, grave and enthusiastic as it certainly is, or from the recollection of the ancient catholic opinions, when the funeral rites were always considered as a period of festival to the living; but feasting, good cheer, and even inebriety, were, and are, the frequent accompaniment of a Scottish old-fashioned burial. What the funeral feast, or *dirgie*, as it is called, was to the men, the gloomy preparations of the dead body for the coffin were to the women. To straighten the contorted limbs upon a board used for that melancholy purpose, to array the corpse in clean linen, and over that in its woollen shroud, were operations committed always to the old matrons of the village, and in which they found a singular and gloomy delight.

The old women paid the Master their salutations with a ghastly smile, which reminded him of the meeting betwixt Macbeth and the witches on the blasted heath of Forres. He gave them some money, and recommended to them the charge of the dead body of their contemporary, an office which they willingly undertook; intimating to him at the same time that he must leave the hut, in order that they might begin their mournful duties. Ravenswood readily agreed to depart, only tarrying to recommend to them due attention to the body, and to receive information where he was to find the sexton, or beadle, who had in charge the deserted church-yard of the armitage, in order to prepare matters for the reception of old Alice in the place of repose which she had selected for herself.

"Ye'll no be pinched to find out Johnnie Mortsheugh," said the elder sybil, and still her withered cheek bore a grisly smile—"he dwells near the Tod's-hole, an house of entertainment where there has been mony a blithe birling—for death and drink-draining are near neighbours to aue anither."

"Ay! and that's e'en true, cummer," said the lame hag, propping herself with a crutch which supported the shortness of her left leg, "for I mind when the father of this Master of Ravenswood that is now standing before us, sticked young Black-hall with his whinger, for a wrang word said ower their wine, or brandy, or what not—he gaed in as light as a lark, and he came out with his feet foremost. I was at the winding of the corpse; and when the bluid was washed off, he was a bonnie bonk of man's body."

It may be easily believed that this ill-timed anecdote hastened the Master's purpose of quitting a company so evil-omened and so odious. Yet, while walking to the tree to which his horse was tied, and busying himself with adjusting the girths of the saddle, he could not avoid hearing, through the hedge of the little garden, a conversation respecting himself, betwixt the lame

woman and the octogenarian sybil. The pair had hobbled into the garden to gather rosemary, southern-wood, rue, and other plants proper to be strewn upon the body, and burned by way of fumigation in the chimney of the cottage. The paralytic wretch, almost exhausted by the journey, was left guard upon the corpse, lest witches or fiends might play their sport with it.

The following low croaking dialogue was necessarily overheard by the Master of Ravenswood:—"That's a fresh and full-grown hemlock, Annie Winnie—mony a cummer lang syne wad hae sought nae better horse to flee over hill and how, through mist and moonlight, and light down in the King of France's cellar."

"Ay, cummer! but the very de'il has turned as hard-hearted now as the Lord Keeper, and the grit folk that hae breasts like whin-stane. They prick us and they pine us, and they pit us on the pinny-winkles for witches; and, if I say my prayers backwards ten times ower, Satan will never gi'e me amends o'them."

"Did ye ever see the foul thief?" asked her neighbour.

"Na!" replied the other spokeswoman; "but I trow I hae dreamed of him mony a time, and I think the day will come they will burn me for't. But ne'er mind, cummer! we hae this dollar of the Master's, and we'll send down for bread and for aill, and tobacco, and a drap brandy to burn, and a wee pickle salt sugar—and he there de'il, or nae de'il, lass, we'll hae a merry night o't."

Here her leathern chops uttered a sort of cackling ghastly laugh, resembling, to a certain degree, the cry of the screech-owl.

"He is a frank man, and a free-handed man, the Master," said Annie Winnie, "and a comely personage—broad in the shoulders, and narrow around the lungies—he wad mak a bonnie corpse—I wad like to hae the streaking and winding o' him."

"It is written on his brow, Annie Winnie," returned the octogenarian, her companion, "that hand of woman, or of man either, will never straught him—dead-deal will never be laid to his back—make your market of that, for I hae it frae a sure hand."

"Will it be his lot to die on the battle-ground then, Ailsie Gourlay?—Will he die by the sword or the ball, as his forbears hae dune before him mony ane o'them?"

"Ask nae mair questions about it—he'll no be graced sae far," replied the sage.

"I ken ye are wiser than ither folk, Ailsie Gourlay—But wha tell'd ye this?"

"Fashna your thumb about that, Annie Winnie," answered the sybil—"I hae it frae a hand sure aneugh."

"But ye said ye never saw the foul thief," reiterated her inquisitive companion.

"I hae it frae as sure a hand," said Ailsie, "and from them that spaed his fortune before the sark gaed ower his head."

"Hark! I hear his horse's feet riding off," said the other; "they diana round as if good luck was wi' them."

"Mak haste, sirs," cried the paralytic hag from the cottage, "and let us do what is needful, and say what is fitting; for, if the dead corpse binna straughted, it will girm and thrav, and that will fear the best of us."

Though we have gone to such length, we must copy the description of the bridal evening. Lady Ashton had led the first dance and sat down—

She was not surprised to find that her daughter had left the apartment, and she herself followed, eager to obviate any impression which might have been made upon her nerves by an incident so likely to affect them as the mysterious transposition of the portraits. Apparently she found her apprehensions groundless, for she returned in about an hour, and whispered the bridegroom, who extricated himself from the dancers, and vanished from the apartment. The instruments now played the loudest strains—the dancers pursued their exercise with all the enthusiasm inspired by youth, mirth, and high spirits, when a cry was heard so shrill and piercing, as at once to arrest the dance and the music. All stood motionless; but when the yell was again repeated, Colonel Ashton snatched a torch from the sconce, and demanding the key of the bridal-chamber from Henry, to whom, as bride's-man, it had been entrusted, rushed thither, followed by Sir William and Lady Ashton, and one or two others, near relations of the family. The bridal guests waited their return in stupefied amazement.

Arrived at the door of the apartment, Colonel Ashton knocked and called, but received no answer, except stifled groans. He hesitated no longer to open the door of the apartment, in which he found opposition, from something which lay against it. When he had succeeded in opening it, the body of the bridegroom was found lying on the threshold of the bridal-chamber, and all around was flooded with blood. A cry of surprise and horror was raised by all present; and the company, excited by this new alarm, began to rush tumultuously towards the sleeping apartment. Colonel Ashton, first whispering to his mother,—"Search for her—she has murdered him!" drew his sword, planted himself in the passage, and declared he would suffer no man to pass excepting the clergyman, and the medical person present. By their assistance, Bucklaw, who still breathed, was raised from the ground, and transported to another apartment, where his friends, full of suspicion and murmuring, assembled round him to learn the opinion of the surgeon.

In the mean while, Lady Ashton, her husband, and their assistants, in vain sought Lucy in the bridal bed and in the chamber. There was no private passage from the room, and they began to think that she must have thrown herself from the window, when one of the company, holding his torch lower than the rest, discovered something white in the corner of the great old-

fashioned chimney of the apartment. Here they found the unfortunate girl, seated, or rather couched like a hare upon its form—her head-gear dishevelled; her night-clothes torn and dabbled with blood,—her eyes glazed, and her features convulsed into a wild paroxysm of insanity. When she saw herself discovered, she gibbered, made mouths, and pointed at them with her bloody fingers, with the frantic gestures of an exulting demoniac.

Female assistance was now hastily summoned; the unhappy bride was overpowered, not without the use of some force. As they carried her over the threshold, she looked down, and uttered the only articulate words that she had yet spoken, saying, with a sort of grinning exultation,—"So, you have ta'en up your bonnie bridegroom?" She was by the shuddering assistants conveyed to another and more retired apartment, where she was secured as her situation required, and closely watched. The unutterable agony of the parents—the horror and confusion of all who were in the castle—the fury of contending passions between the friends of the different parties, passions augmented by previous intemperance, surpass description.

It is not in the compass of our weekly sheet to discuss the Legend of Montrose, which we confess has our preference before the tale we have analysed. Next Saturday, however, we purpose discharging our duty to that production, and in the mean time have selected the three original poems which are introduced into it, to grace our Poetical department.

The Flowers of Rhetoric, &c. By the Rev. Ralph Sharp, D.D. London 1819. 12mo. pp. 232.

The advantages enjoyed by the rising generation in our times are unquestionably great, and if the system of modern education be radically good, we may presume to hope that our descendants will prove abler men than our forefathers, nay, even than ourselves. Among the productions to facilitate the studies of youth, the present is one which has given us a good deal of pleasure. There is much novelty in the design, much drollery in the arrangement, and much whim and odd research in the selections. The author is of opinion that writers and public speakers of the present time fail more in richness of expression than in syntactic rule and logical sagacity; and he offers his treatise of rhetorical ornaments with the view of filling the youthful mind with beautiful images, enthusiastic feelings, and that command of language in which alone true oratory consists. For this purpose, dividing his subject into a hundred heads, of Acyrolugia, Anecdote, Apologue, Catechresis, Climax, Dilemma, Erotesis, Hyperbole, Laconism, Meta-

phor, &c. &c. &c. he explains their import, gives examples in each from ancient and modern authorities. From a publication of this kind it is not easy to select examples which will convey a perfect idea of its execution; and in the few extracts which we shall make we shall be more guided by our wish to amuse our readers than to display the author, whose single fault is, we think, a somewhat pompous diction.

THE CLIMAX.

A figure, by which advances are made through a sentence, as an eminence is attained by a gradatory.

THE PROCRASTINATED CLIMAX.

What is your name? said a gentleman to a porter. My name, replied the fellow, is the same as my father's: And what is his name? said the gentleman. It is the same as mine: Then what are both your names? Why, they are both alike, said the porter.

A fellow who was tried at Dublin, for some private offence, received the following sentence—*Judge*: The sentence of the Court is, that you be flogged from the Bank to the Quay.—*Prisoner*: Thank you, my Lord! you have done your worst.—*Judge*: And be flogged back again.

THE ANTHROBISMUS.

A Figure, by which a Person renders the Proposition of another of counter-effect.

Turpin took my mare from the stable, and rode to York, without my knowledge and consent; which I term a felony.—It is true, he did so; but it was no theft; for he rode her to your yard again, and tied her to the rack.

Charlotte, it is my duty as a parent to inform you, that you are sitting by a man of very profligate character, who will mar your reputation.—Papa; Vice placed near Virtue, makes Virtue more lovely, strong, and clear.

You might have had a deal more wit, Papa, had you been governed by my Mamma.—Child! he who is governed by his wife, has no wit at all.

THE REPARTEE.

A prompt, keen, satirical Reply to an Address, Question, Declaration, or Charge.

It is a fine day.—It generally is, when a viper is abroad.

Madam; my Lord is dying for you.—I wish he was; and that he may never again importune me on the subject of love.

The letter *A* stands as the first letter of the alphabet, in all languages, on account of its simplicity.—Surely, Mr. Lecturer of Rhetoric, it is not on the same account that you have taken the chair at this Institution!

A Clergyman one Sabbath, in his sermon, had been supporting the doctrine, that "whatever is, is right," and, that "what God had made, was well made." One of

the overseers of the parish, who had a protruberant back, and was short and crooked, followed him out of the church, and in the porch thus addressed him: If all things, Sir, are well made, how came I not to be so? The person instantly ascertaining the mensuration of his figure, told him, that he considered him well made for a cripple.

A loquacious blockhead, after babbling some time to Aristotle, observed, that he was fearful that he was obtruding on his ear. No, no, replied Aristotle, I have not been listening.

A litigation once arose in the University of Cambridge, whether Doctors in Law, or Doctors in Medicine, should hold precedence. The Chancellor asking, whether the thief or the hangman preceded at an execution, and being told that the thief usually took the lead; Well then, said the Chancellor, let the Doctors in Law have the precedence, and let Doctors in Medicine be next in rank.

A quaker in a stage-coach with an officer, observed, that his sword was very troublesome.—All my enemies are of the same opinion, replied the captain.

A link-boy one very dark evening, asked Doctor Burgess the preacher, if he would have a light? No, replied the Doctor, I am one of the lights of the world. I wish then, rejoined the boy, that you were hung at the end of the alley where I live, for it is devilish dark.

The delicate rhetorical figure, "The Double Entendre," is well got through: *ex. gr.*

A gentleman ordered to attend one evening at the bar of the House of Commons, respecting the Isle of Man, was asked by Mr. Dundas, if the population of the Island was on the increase? Very much, answered the witness, since my living there.

Two vivacious girls entering the pump-room at Bath, met a short, fat, ruddy, coarse lady retiring. Here is *beef à la mode* coming out, said one of the girls: This is usual, replied the dowager, to make room for the game!

A gentleman observing his gardener with an old broad-brimmed hat on, jocosely asked him, who gave him that cuckold's hat. It is one of your old ones, replied the gardener, that my mistress gave me yesterday, when you were at the races.

The roses on your cheek were never made To bless the eye alone, and then to fade; Nor had the cherries on your lips their being, To please no other sense than that of seeing.

The Bon Mor is another source of Joe Miller illustration:

Brackley Kennet, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1780, was originally a waiter; and when summoned to attend the Privy Council, to answer for his pusillanimous conduct during the riots; when his arrival was announced to the Council-chamber: Ring the bell, said Lord North, and let him attend us.

In a recent duel between two Barristers, one of them shot away the shirt of the other's coat. His second observing the truth of his aim, declared, that had his friend been engaged with a client, he would very probably have hit his pocket.

The ANECDOTE is also a potent flower of rhetoric: when happily introduced, it has a great effect, as we can well remember in the speeches of the late Mr. Windham. Dr. Sharp gives some pat instances:

A conceited juvenile pulpit-performer importuned (on some anniversary) the Bishop of his diocese to allow him to preach. I have no objection to permit you, said the Bishop, but nature will not.

An officer in a dragoon regiment, at a review, lost his hat by a gale of wind. A private dismounted, and presenting it to him on the point of his sword, accidentally made a puncture in it—Damn it, Sam, I would sooner that you had pierced my arm. Why, so, Colonel? Because I have credit with my surgeon, but none with my hatter.

Of the Imprecation, we copy one dreadful example:

May Heaven's dreadful vengeance overtake him! May the keen storms of adversity strip him of all his leaves and fruit! May peace forsake his mind, and rest be banished from his pillow! May his days be filled with reproach, and his nights be haunted with remorse! May he be stung by jealousy without cause, and maddened by revenge without the means of execution! and, may all his offspring be blighted and perish, except one, who may grow up a curse to his old age, and bring his hoary head with sorrow to the grave!

The Proverb furnishes a fair specimen of the author's manner:

It is dear-bought honey that is licked off a thorn.

A knotty piece of timber requires a smooth wedge.

The man who does not look before, will generally be found behind.

The higher an ape climbs, the more he shows his tail.

Good blood makes an ill puddling without a little suet.

There is very little for the rake after the shovel.

A man whose eyes require couching, is not a proper person to set up as an oculist.

"He is a chip of the old block." This Proverb signifies, that a descendant is like his progenitors.

"Many things happen between the cup and the lip." This Proverb arose from the fate of Antinous, one of Penelope's suitors, who was shot by an arrow from the bow of Ulysses as he was going to drink.

The following Bull will scarcely be recognised either under the fine name of

Oxymoron, or by the learned author's definition:

A Figure by which an Expression seemingly wrong, or apparently absurd or licentious, is, on consideration, confessed to be notable, obvious, and just.

Two gentlemen passing a blackberry-bush while the fruit was unripe, one of them remarked, that it was ridiculous to call them blackberries, when they were red. Do you not know, replied his friend, that blackberries are always red, when they are green?

Our readers will, we fear, think we have made a strange Olla Podrida of this work, but it is really such in itself. We may indeed have picked out the nice bits and seasoning in preference to the plain bouilli: but there is a factiousness in the thing itself, and a disregard of arrangement, which stamp a character upon it no art of ours could efface. We conclude with examples of the Dilemma, the Contrast, and Sarcasm:

THE DILEMMA.

A Declaration that consists of two Propositions, either of which is forcible and convincing. A Figure of much dignity and excellence.

Why should he be so sharply rebuked? If he has done wrong, a mild admonition would be better: if he has not done wrong, reproof will fall on yourselves.

To say that he is rotten, is a strong term, because it denotes the last stage in the progress of dissolution: and yet if I state that he is near putrefaction, I shall fall short, because putrefaction expresses only the progress toward rottenness.

THE CONTRAST.

When we've nothing to dread from the law's sternest frowns,
How we laugh at the barristers' wigs, bands, and gowns!

But no sooner we want them, to sue or defend,
Than their laughter begins, and our mirth's at an end.

SARCASTM.

Banter; bitter Derision; acrimonious Satire; earnest and poignant Reproof, conveyed in *Philippics*, *Pasquinades*, *Pindarics*, *Quibs*, &c.

It is true, you are a Member of Parliament; but you are too heavy a log to be lifted to preferment by any court lever.

This morning, quite dead, Tom was found in his bed,

Altho' he was hearty last night:
But 'tis thought, having seen Dr. Glynn in a dream,

That the poor fellow died of the fright.

Our language has no term of reproach, the mind no idea of detestation, that has not already been happily applied to you and exhausted.

He is one of those who would not scruple to apologize for every crime that has been committed, from the murder of Abel, down

to the last burglary recorded in the annals of the Old Bailey.

He has a fine head of hair: and I trust that the justice of God will soon plait it into a halter, as it did Absalom's; and that the spreading arm of some tree will speedily snatch him to execution.

He seems to have invented a new system of ethics, which discards virtue as a superfluity, and rejects integrity as an incubrance.

We cannot tell whether our extracts may help to make good orators, or even good jesters of our readers; but if Dr. Sharp has not put so much in our power, as in verity the making of rhetoricians and wits is no easy job, we trust we have given them ten minutes entertainment with all this laughable matter.

Journal of a Soldier of the 71st or Glasgow Regiment, from 1806 to 1815. Edinburgh 1819. 12mo. pp. 232.

This is an uncommonly interesting little book, though, perhaps, not so entirely so as it might have been made. We deliver this opinion, presuming that it is not what it purports to be—the bona fide *Journal of a Common Soldier*, but the work of a more literary person, founded on information gathered from soldiers. We suspect the author (though not a commissioner) to have gone into military inquiry; and there is some reason to believe that he has had recourse to private sources for particular facts, which he has dressed up in the best way his learning and skill in composition enabled him. Not equal to De Foe in this difficult task, he has not been equally felicitous in the preservation of verisimilitude and keeping. Our Soldier is often too sentimental; too much of the modern French philosophe; his companions in arms cry as much and as frequently as green girls reading the Sorrows of Werter at a boarding-school; and embrace each other like heroines in a melodrama. This is writing, not nature; the artificial scribbling of a fireside volunteer, not the genuine relation of truths by a real campaigner. The time of action too, is rather that of an author's choice than of probable accident: from 1806 to 1815, comprehends nearly all the great military history of the most momentous epoch of the world; and we find these adventures ranging from the Expedition against Buenos Ayres to the battle of Waterloo, consequently embracing all the operations in Portugal, Spain, France, and the Netherlands. A piece of friendly romance is also introduced, in aid of the effect of hair-breadth escapes, and Donald, a prized companion, occupies

hardly a second place in the—novel we were going to have said; while at the close, a return to the loves of a South American maid, or rather widow, winds up the whole in the most approved fashion. The style is, nevertheless, tolerably natural, and does not very grossly betray the vocation of the writer.

With these remarks upon the true character of the volume, we shall introduce a few extracts to support the favourable judgment we have given upon it, as an extremely pleasing production, and one well contrived to fill a vacant hour with an agreeable interest.

We shall not trouble our readers with the hero's biography, further than to state, that he is described as the well-educated son of parents in humble life at Edinburgh, who, after an abortive attempt to appear on the stage, enlists in the 71st regiment. From the depot in the Isle of Wight, he is sent with the force against Buenos Ayres. The following seems a good general account of the people:—

The native women were the most uncomely I ever beheld. They have broad noses, thick lips, and are of very small stature. Their hair, which is long, black, and hard to the feel, they wear frizzled up in front, in the most hideous manner; while it hangs down their backs, below the waist. When they dress, they stick in it feathers and flowers, and walk about in all the pride of ugliness. The men are short of stature, stout made, and have large joints. They are brave, but indolent to excess. I have seen them galloping about on horseback, almost naked, with silver spurs on their bare heels, perhaps an old rug upon their shoulders. They fear not pain. I have seen them with hurts ghastly to look at, yet they never seemed to mind them. As for their idleness, I have seen them lie stretched, for a whole day, gazing upon the river, and their wives bring them their victuals; and, if they were not pleased with the quantity, they would beat them furiously. This is the only exertion they ever make readily—venting their fury upon their wives. They prefer flesh to any other food, and they eat it almost raw, and in quantities which a European would think impossible.

I had little opportunity of seeing the better sort of Spanish settlers, as they had all left the place before we took it; and, during the siege, those I had any opportunity of knowing, were of the poorer sort, who used to visit Maria de Parides and her father, Don Santos. They are ignorant in the extreme, and very superstitious. Maria told me, with the utmost concern, that the cause of her husband's death was his being bewitched by an old Indian, to whom he had refused some partridges, as he returned from hunting, a few days before the battle.

As I became acquainted with the language, I observed many singular traits of character. When Maria, or old Santos

yawned, they crossed their mouth with the utmost haste, to prevent the Devil going down their throats. If Santos sneezed, Maria called, "Jesus!" his answer was, "Muchas gracias," "Many thanks."—When they knock at any door, they say, "Ave Maria purissima;" they open at once, as they think no one with an evil intent, will use this holy phrase. When they meet a woman, they say, "A sus pies se-nora," or, "Beso los pies de Usted," "I lay myself at your feet," or "I kiss your feet." As they part, he says, "Me tengo a sus pies de Usted," or "Baxo de sus pies," "I am at your feet," or, "Keep me at your feet;" she replies, "Beso a Usted la mano, Cavallero," "I kiss your hand, Sir." When they leave any one, they say, "Vaya Usted con Dios," or, "Con la Virgen," "May God (or, the Holy Virgin) attend you." When they are angry, it is a common phrase with them, "Vaya Usted con cien mil Demonios," "Begone with a hundred thousand devils."

Maria was concerned that I should be a heretic, and wished much I would change my religion, and become a Catholic; as the only means of my salvation.

He, however, continued protestant, though the priest acted most generously towards him in the hour of defeat and misfortune. There are a few anecdotes of the assault on the city, which, if true, are worthy of preserving, if fabulous, deserving of perusal:—

During the time we were charging through the streets, many of our men made sallies into the houses, in search of plunder; and many were encumbered with it, at the time of our surrender. One serjeant of the 38th had made a longish hole in his wooden canteen, like that over the money drawer in the counter of a retail shop; into it he slipped all the money he could lay his hands upon. As he came out of a house he had been ransacking, he was shot through the head. In his fall the canteen burst, and a great many doubloons ran, in all directions, on the street. Then commenced a scramble for the money, and about eighteen men were shot, grasping at the gold they were never to enjoy. They even snatched it from their dying companions, although they themselves were to be in the same situation the next moment.

We were all searched, and every article that was Spanish taken from us; but we were allowed to keep the rest. During the search, one soldier, who had a good many doubloons, put them into his camp-kettle, with flesh and water above them; placed all upon a fire, and kept them safe.

There were about one hundred of us, who had been taken in the church, marched out of prison to be shot, unless we produced a gold crucifix of great value, that was amissing. We stood in a large circle of Spaniards and Indians. Their levelled pieces and savage looks gave us little to hope, unless the crucifix was produced. It was found on the ground, on the spot where

we stood; but it was not known who had taken it. The troops retired, and we were allowed to go back to prison, without further molestation.

We must now transport our readers at one sweep to old Spain, and, passing over Sir J. Moore's campaign, to the year 1810, when Colonel Cadogan led the brave Glasgow highlanders to glory, under the immortal Wellington. The gallant Colonel's address to his men, on leading them into their first charge, though not truly grammatical, is truly British, "My Lads, this is the first affair I have ever been in with you; show me what you can do, now or never." There was hard fighting for several days, and our author draws a sad picture of a soldier's life:—

For five nights I had never been in bed, and, during a good part of that time, it had rained hard. We were upon ploughed land, which was rendered so soft, that we sunk over the shoes at every step. The manner in which I passed the night, was thus: I placed my canteen upon the ground, put my knapsack above, and sat upon it, supporting my head upon my hands; my musket, between my knees, resting upon my shoulder, and my blanket over all,—ready to start, in a moment, at the least alarm. The nights were chill: indeed, in the morning, I was so stiff, I could not stand or move with ease for some time; my legs were benumbed to the knees. I was completely wet, three nights out of the five. A great number of the men took the fever and ague, after we retired behind the lines. I was not a whit the worse.

They fell back.

This retreat brought to my mind the *Corunna* race. We could not advance 100 yards, without seeing dead soldiers of the enemy, stretched upon the road, or at a little distance from it, who had lain down to die, unable to proceed through hunger and fatigue. We could not pity them, miserable as they were. Their retreat resembled more that of famished wolves than men. Murder and devastation marked their way; every house was a sepulchre, a cabin of horrors! Our soldiers used to wonder why the Frenchmen were not swept by heaven from the earth, when they witnessed their cruelties. In a small town called *Safra*, I saw twelve dead bodies lying in one house upon the floor! Every house contained traces of their wanton barbarity. Often has a shade of doubt crossed my mind, when reading the accounts of former atrocities; often would I think—they are exaggerated—thank God we live in more civilized times. How dreadfully were my doubts removed. I cease to describe, lest I raise doubts similar to my own.

At this time, I got a distaste, I could never overcome. A few of us went into a wine-store, where there was a large tun, with a ladder to get to the top, in which was a hole about two feet square. There

was not much wine in it, so we buckled our canteen straps together, until a camp-kettle attached to them reached the liquor. We drew it up once—we all drank: down it went again—it got entangled with something at the bottom of the tun—a candle was lowered;—to our great disappointment, the corpse of a French soldier lay upon the bottom! Sickness came upon me; and, for a long time afterwards, I shuddered at the sight of red wine. The Portuguese soldiers never would drink red wine, if white could be got. When I asked the reason, their reply was, they knew how it was made.

We have mentioned the sentimentality which occasionally detects the authorship, and injures this narrative; and think it but fair to prove our allegation. After the battle of Fuentes de *Honore*, we are treated with the annexed morceau of sensibility which was *effused* at *Toro de Moro*:—

Here I enjoyed the beauties of the country more than at any former period. Often, when off duty, have I wandered into the woods to enjoy the cool refreshing shade of the cork trees, and breathe the richly perfumed air, loaded with the fragrance of innumerable aromatic plants. One evening, as I lay in the wood, thinking upon home, sweeter than all the surrounding sweets, almost overcome by my sensations, I heard, at a small distance, music. I listened some time ere I could be satisfied it was so. It ceased all at once; then began sweeter than before. I arose, and approached nearer, to avoid the noise of a small burn that ran rattling near where I had been reclining. I soon knew the air; I crept nearer, and could distinguish the words; I became rivetted to the spot: That moment compensated for all I had suffered in Spain. I felt that pleasure which softens the heart, and overflows at the eyes. The words that first struck my ear, were, "Why did I leave my *Jeanie*, my daddy's cot, an' a'.

To wander from my country, sweet *Caledonia*."—Soon as the voice ceased, I looked through the underwood, and saw four or five soldiers seated on the turf, who sung, in their turn, Scotland's sweetest songs of remembrance. When they retired, I felt as if I was bereft of all enjoyment. I slowly retired to the camp, to reflect, and spend a sleepless night. Every opportunity, I returned to the scene of my happiness; and had the pleasure, more than once, to enjoy this company unseen.

This is distinctly out of the assumed character of a soldier; and the following, at *Boho*, is little better:—

One afternoon, I had walked into the church-yard; and, after having wandered through it, I lay down in the shade of the wall, near a grave that appeared to have been lately made. While lying thus, I heard a sob: I looked towards the place whence it came, and perceived a beautiful female kneeling beside a grave, devoutly

counting her rosary, her tears falling fast upon the ground. I lay, afraid to move, lest the noise might disturb her. She remained for some time, absorbed in devotion; then rose from her knees, and, taking a small jar of holy water, sprinkled the grave, and retired undisturbed by me. I mentioned the circumstance to no one; but, day after day, I was an unperceived witness of this scene. At length, she saw me as she approached, and was retiring in haste. I came near her. She stood, to let me pass. I said, "My presence shall give you no uneasiness: Adieu!" "Stay," she said, "are you *Don Galves'* good soldier?" I replied, "I live with him." "Stay, you can feel for me: I have none to feel for, nor advise me. Blessed Virgin, be my friend!" She looked to heaven, her eyes beaming resignation and hope, the tears dropping on her bosom. I stretched out my hand to her; my eyes, I believe, were wet; I did not speak. "None," she said, mournfully, "can again have my hand: I gave it to *Francisco*." "'Tis the hand of friendship." "I can have no friend but death.—You do not pray for the dead; you cannot pray with me." I said, "I will listen to your's." She then began her usual prayers; then rose, and sprinkled the grave with holy water. I inquired, "Whose grave do you water?" "My mother's." "How long has she been dead?" "Five years." "Five years! have you done thus so long?" "Alas, no! my mother had been released; but, five weeks ago, my mournful task again began: 'tis for *Francisco*. Adieu," she sobbed, and retired with a hurried step. I dare not embellish, lest this incident should not be credited; but I feel this is a cold account of what passed. I have not taken away, neither have I added a word that did not pass between us. From *Galves*, I learned that *Francisco* had fallen in a *Guerilla* party. It is the belief in Spain, that every drop of holy water sprinkled upon the grave, quenches a flame in purgatory.

A further specimen of the romantic occurs within a page or two of our last quotation:—

One night, while on duty at the bridge, I thought I was to have fallen a prey to a very large wolf. My orders were, to be on the alert, and if I heard the least sound, to place my ear upon the ground, to distinguish if it were the tread of men or of horses, and give the alarm. The night was starry, and a little cloudy, when, about half past one o'clock, I could distinguish the tread of an animal. I believed it to be a stray mule, or ass; but at length could distinguish a large wolf, a few yards from the bridge, in the middle of the road, looking full upon me. I levelled my piece, and stood; my eyes fixed on his: I durst not fire, lest I should miss him, and give a false alarm. I expected him, every moment, to spring upon me. We stood thus looking upon each other, until the tread of the serjeant and guard to

* From *Purgatory*.

relieve me were heard; then the beast scampered off, and relieved me from my disagreeable situation.

The subjoined, which must be our last extract, will afford a better and more general idea of the mode in which the Journal is executed. It is a notice of the victory of Vittoria, and is at once picturesque, spirited, and circumstantially probable:—

Next morning we got up as usual. The first pipes played for parade; the second did not play at the usual time. We began to suspect all was not right. We remained thus until eleven o'clock; then received orders to fall in, and follow the line of march. During our march we fell to one side, to allow a brigade of guns to pass us at full speed. "Now," said my comrades, "we will have work to do before night." We crossed a river; and, as we passed through a village, we saw, on the other side of the road, the French camp, and their fires still burning just as they had left them. Not a shot had been fired at this time. We observed a large Spanish column moving along the heights, on our right. We halted, and drew up in column. Orders were given to brush out our locks, oil them, and examine our flints. We being in the rear, these were soon followed by orders to open out from the centre, to allow the 71st to advance. Forward we moved up the hill. The firing was now very heavy. Our rear had not engaged, before word came for the Doctor to assist Colonel Cadogan, who was wounded. Immediately we charged up the hill, the piper playing, "Hey Johnny Cope." The French had possession of the top, but we soon forced them back, and drew up in column on the height; sending out four companies to our left to skirmish. The remainder moved on to the opposite height. As we advanced, driving them before us, a French officer, a pretty fellow, was pricking and forcing his men to stand. They heeded him not—he was very harsh:—"Down with him!" cried one near me; and down he fell, pierced by more than one ball.

Scarcely were we upon the height, when a heavy column, dressed in great-coats, with white covers on their hats, exactly resembling the Spanish, gave us a volley, which put us to the right-about at double quick time down the hill, the French close behind, through the whins. The four companies got the word, the French were on them. They likewise thought them Spaniards, until they got a volley that killed or wounded almost every one of them. We retired to the height, covered by the 50th, who gave the pursuing column a volley, which checked their speed. We moved up the remains of our shattered regiment to the height. Being in great want of ammunition, we were again served with sixty rounds a man, and kept up our fire for some time, until the bugle sounded to cease firing.

We lay on the height for some time. Our

drought was excessive; there was no water upon the height, save one small spring, which was rendered useless. One of our men, in the heat of the action, called out he would have a drink, let the world go as it would. He stooped to drink; a ball pierced his head; he fell with it in the well, which was discoloured by brains and blood. Thirsty as we were, we could not taste it.

At this time, the Major had the command, our second Colonel being wounded. There were not 300 of us on the height able to do duty, out of above 1000 who drew rations in the morning. The cries of the wounded were most heart-rending.

We need scarcely repeat our commendations of this clever volume.

BUCKINGHAM HOUSE.

We have for some time past intended to notice the History of the Royal Residences,* a work which we have seen in its progress from the beginning; but finding that it would be completed in a few months (a year within the time announced by its prospectus) we purposed the suspension of our remarks until the concluding Number appeared. Each Palace, however, making a separate book, we shall now avail ourselves of the last published, that which describes Buckingham House; from the circumstance of the first Drawing-Room of the Prince Regent having so recently been held there, an event that has given a new interest to that mansion. We may premise, that the Palaces already published, are Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, Kensington, St. James's, Carlton House, and Buckingham House; that which remains to finish the series being Frogmore, the favourite residence of the venerable Consort of our honoured King. The graphic illustrations of this work, which will form three splendid volumes in quarto, are highly creditable to the ingenious artists concerned in this national publication.

It is generally acknowledged, that the topographical branch of art, particularly as exhibited in water-colours, has attained its highest powers in this country. Turner, Nash, Mackenzie, and others, have severally distinguished themselves by many admirable views of our Gothic structures, which have been publicly exhibited, and which adorn the portfolios of our connoisseurs. To these names may be joined, in compliment to the increasing talent of the country, those of Wild, Cattermole, Samuel, the two Stephanoffs, and Westall, whose drawings of the state apartments in these edifices of royalty, for fidelity of perspective, locality of effect, and truth of colouring, are the very images of each scene, as they would be reflected by a diminishing mirror. They have all, agreeably to the practice of modern professors, been judiciously finished on the spot. These, in-

* Pyne's History of the Royal Residences, &c. 4to. in 24 Numbers, of which 23 Numbers have been published.

cluding a few exterior views, form together a hundred subjects, many of them surprisingly splendid, and all valuable, from the associations connected with the scenes they represent, which the author, Mr. Pyne, in the literary part of the work has amply awakened and gratified, in a most interesting history of each palace, interspersed with much anecdote, particularly relating to the biography of the illustrious characters, whose portraits are in the royal collection, and whose lives have been connected with the court. To this we may add the no mean praise that the author has performed, what too many have neglected—he has kept to his text; for the literary part is, equally with the drawings, descriptive of what it professes, and entirely appertains to the history of the Palaces. Hence, following his record, we become acquainted with a series of events that have occurred within the walls of these seats of royalty for many ages, which are well selected, and briefly told, and manifest much industrious research.

Of the interior of Buckingham House, we believe, little is generally known. From the circumstance of its having been the domestic dwelling of the Royal Family, it has necessarily, for the sake of comfort, been held more sacred from the eye of prying curiosity, than the other Palaces of their Majesties. Moreover, we have been informed, that from an occurrence which happened in one of the apartments there many years ago, at a period when parties were occasionally allowed to view the house, the king gave orders that no strangers should in future be admitted; which prohibition may be set down to the account of that want of decorum and proper feeling which has so much disgraced the national character, in evil return for the condescension of those who have been willing to gratify public curiosity at the expense of their own immediate comfort. But the tale is better left untold, hoping, as we do, that in this we are becoming more civilized.

"Buckingham House (says the author, with whose more early account we think it expedient to begin) was purchased by his Majesty George III. as a Palace for her Majesty Queen Charlotte, had she outlived her royal consort, in lieu of Somerset House, which ancient building had been held as the town residence for queen-dowagers of England. The purchase was made soon after the birth of the heir apparent at St. James's Palace, which being the seat of government, and the Queen's House being more elegant and retired, their Majesties removed thither, and it became their town residence, and the birth-place of all their succeeding children.

"The house, built of brick and stone, is situated at the west end of St. James's Park; has a lawn, inclosed with iron rails, in front, and spacious grounds behind. It was much altered by their Majesties: the front was modernized, and the grounds, which were, according to the old style, ornamented with parterres, fountains, sta-

tues, &c. were changed to the succeeding style, which excluded ornament altogether. By an old folio print, we perceive that there was a fountain on the front lawn, in the basin of which were Neptune and his Tritons. The house too was ornamented over the attics with an *acroteria* of figures, representing Mercury, Secrecy, Equity, Liberty, &c. In the centre of the entablature of the eastern front was inscribed, in large gilt Roman capitals, "SIC SITI LÆTANTUR LARES;" and on the front to the north was inscribed, "RUS IN URBE:" above which were figures of the four Seasons.

"The situation of this noble mansion when occupied by its founder, the Duke of Buckingham, must have been delightful; no buildings extending beyond St. James's to the left, the north open to Hampstead, and the view of the Thames almost unintercepted from the south-west corner of the park. The beauty of the surrounding scene, and the general *agrémens* of the site, were sensibly felt by the noble founder of the house, and may be adduced as one among many instances to prove, that wealth does not necessarily preclude the blessing of domestic enjoyment; and a succeeding age has rendered the walls sacred to that happy state; hence a poet might be allowed to say, that the genius of connubial felicity laid the first stone of Buckingham-House.

"The founder of this mansion, John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, is frequently mentioned in the reign of Charles II. as Earl of Mulgrave, and was honoured with the garter by that monarch. He held the appointment of Lord Chamberlain under James II. and was created Marquis by William III. By Queen Anne he was raised to the dignity of a Dukedom. It is said that, when young, the Duke aspired to the honour of obtaining the hand of her Majesty, then Princess Anne, and that disappointment drove him to the Continent, where he remained several years. His Grace was married three times, and the lady who was destined to become his last wife, such are the occasional caprices of the fates, was the illegitimate daughter of the father of his first love."

"The Duke, who held the office of Lord Privy Seal under Queen Anne, had resigned his appointment. It was in his retirement here that he wrote a letter, descriptive of the place, to a noble friend, whence we extract the following passages.

"To begin then without more preamble: I rise, now in summer, about seven o'clock from a large bedchamber (entirely quiet, high, and free from the early sun) to walk in the garden; or if rainy, in a saloon filled with pictures, some good, but none disagreeable: also, in a row above them, I have so many portraits of famous persons in several kinds, as are enough to excite ambition in any man less lazy, or less at ease than myself.

* This lady was Catherine Darnley, natural daughter of King James II.

"Instead of a little closet (according to the unwholesome custom of most people) I choose this spacious room for all my small affairs, reading books or writing letters; where I am never in the least tired, by the help of stretching my legs sometimes in so large a room, and of looking into the pleasantest park in the world, just underneath.

"----- Though my garden is such, as by not pretending to rarities or curiosities, has nothing in it to inveigle one's thoughts; yet by the advantage of situation and prospect, it is able to suggest the noblest that can be—in presenting at once to view, a vast town, a palace, and a magnificent cathedral. I confess the last, with all its splendour, has less share in exciting my devotion, than the most common shrub in my garden: for though I am apt to be sincerely devout in any sort of religious assemblies, from the very best (that of our own church) even to those of Jews, Turks, and Indians; yet the works of nature appear to me the better sort of sermons; and every flower contains in it the most edifying rhetoric, to fill us with admiration of its Omnipotent Creator.

"The avenues to this house are along St. James's park, through rows of goodly elms on one hand, and gay flourishing limes on the other; that for coaches, this for walking, with the mall lying betwixt them. This reaches to my iron pallsade that encompasses a square court, which has in the midst a great basin, with statues and water-works; and from its entrance rises all the way imperceptibly, till we mount to a terrace in the front of a large hall, paved with square white stones mixed with a dark-coloured marble; the walls thereof covered with a set of pictures done in the school of Raphael. Out of this, on the right hand, we go into a parlour thirty-three feet by thirty-nine, with a niche fifteen feet broad for a buffet, paved with white marble, and placed within an arch with pilasters of divers colours, the upper part of which as high as the ceiling is painted by Ricci.

"From hence we pass through a suite of large rooms, into a bedchamber of thirty-four feet by twenty-seven; within it a large closet, that opens into a green-house. On the left hand of the hall are three stone arches, supported by three Corinthian pillars, under one of which we go up eight and forty steps, ten feet broad, each step of one entire Portland stone. The walls are painted with the story of Dido, whom the painter has brought no further than to that fatal cave where the lovers appear just entering. The roof of this staircase, which is fifty-five feet from the ground, is forty feet by thirty-six, filled with the figures of Gods and Goddesses.† In the midst is Juno, condescending to beg assistance from Venus, to bring about a marriage, which the Fates intended should be the ruin of her own darling queen and people: by which that sublime poet intimates, that we

† This painting still remains as represented in the print, but the staircase has given place to a magnificent one by the late Mr. Wyatt.—Ed.

should never be over-eager for any thing, either in our pursuits or our prayers, lest what we endeavour to ask too violently for our interest, should be granted us by Providence only in order to our ruin.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BAY OF PANAMA: IMPORTANT PROJECT.

The capture of Porto Bello just now by Sir Gregor Mac Gregor has imparted so much new interest to that quarter of the globe, that we have been induced to draw from our stores of correspondence a letter on the subject of a British Settlement at Darien, which has lain by us several months. The views of the writer were, we believe, originally intended for the eye of a high official department of government; but having lopped away those political arguments with which the Literary Gazette does not desire to interfere, there seems to us to be much matter in the extracts which remain for general consideration.

Russia, like a Leviathan, awaking from sleep, and shaking off the incapacities of that quiescent situation, is, at this period, slowly but sensibly arousing her dormant faculties; and with all the energies of her gigantic and incalculable powers, preparing herself for entering on the field of dominion; and asserting her right, and intention, to mingle in the politics, and dictate in the affairs and interests of the other nations of the earth. She has already fortified an Island in the Pacific Ocean; Kamtschatka and Siberia are hers; and with a spirit of persevering, presently exerted discovery, she has found and examined various chains of islands, which she will assuredly annex to her dominions; and of whose importance in the scale of empire, and for the furtherance of her future projects, we may be taught, if not suitably prepared, and on our guard against them, to feel in a variety of ways.

America, ever without principle, without conscience, and scarcely obedient to the dictates of humanity, has been permitted to fortify the Mouth of the Columbia, and will soon have a regular station on the Missouri. The two Floridas belong to her. Of the disjointed members of the Spanish empire, why should she not be supposed capable of adding to her own—which ever she likes best? Suppose it or not, however, without the smallest particle of doubt or hesitation, she will be seen to do so.

The Spanish provinces will, all of them, be quickly independent; and Chili, at least with the energies she is possessed of, the powers, and the ability she now enjoys to amply and ably employ them, will be a maritime and a mighty state in the course of a very small number of years.

Is the navigation then of the Pacific

Ocean to be gratuitously permitted, by the powers who shall rule her, to the children of Britain? At what time, and for what duration, agreeable to them, unless by a constant application or reference to war? Surely the supposition is degrading, and our time and abilities are idly wasted to allow it a place.

The Bay of Panama is before us, and a timely possession might secure it and its neighbouring territory our own. There, forests, untrodden as yet by the foot of the savage, unbounded and inexhaustible, would supply us a navy, to maintain our just and natural ascendancy on the ocean, even on the Pacific wave. There, coasts would afford us harbours, docks, places of retreat, the means of annoyance, and a haven of security for the transport of merchandise to and from the Atlantic sea.

Within Cape Caledonia, at the bottom of the Gulf of Darien, stood a city called Edinburgh, and a settlement of the Scotch. It is now abandoned, for what cause, or by what means, is of no consequence. But jealousy on the part of the lords of the territory was probably the cause. Near the ruins of the town a small river runs up to the mountains, which is frequently, at this moment, I believe, used for the transport of merchandise; which, when arrived at its source, is only obliged to be carried three miles, till it is again embarked upon another river, and speedily landed on the shore of Panama. These rivers might be easily deepened or cleared as they severally need it; and a road of three miles extent only, might be surely achieved by Britain, though she were obliged to have recourse to vinegar to soften and melt down the precipices which obstructed her design.

The common route from the Atlantic, in the neighbourhood of Porto Bello, to Panama, is by the course of the river Chagre, the carriage part only twenty-five miles in length. A road of twenty-five miles is not a very insurmountable attempt in a day, as this is of adventure the most romantic, and of expense without bounds. The river, at present, would require to be cleared of fallen timber, which impedes its navigation, and weeds, probably the growth and accumulation of ages past. Yet might these expenses be wisely incurred, for the sake of the advantages, utility, and necessity, of their expenditure, and, without a particle of hazard, they would be most immeasurably repaid.

The river of St. Juan communicates with the Lake of Nicaragua, a river of great magnitude, and assuredly navigable, or capable of being made so, for vessels of the largest size. In the SE. corner, a few miles within the entrance of the Lake from the river, there is a level space (as I should judge by the map) of only 30 miles to Nicoya, a village or town on the NW. corner of the Gulf of Panama. Cut this through, and the waters of the Pacific flow into the Atlantic Ocean!!! Thirty miles, in Britain, would be an undertaking to a company of

its merchants, which, offering the slightest prospect of advantage, they would not hesitate to essay. The difficulty to a British administration would be hardly worth a thought. The passage too to the East Indies, so long ardently attempted, would at once be opened; Commerce be easy, without the delay and expense of reshipment, to the distant corners of the Pacific; and the whole shores of South America, the whole islands of the Southern Ocean, exposed at once to the approach and the direction, the chastisement or protection, of a British squadron direct from Spithead, with less than half the time, the expense, hazard, trouble, and delay, attending it, which at present, by its passage round Cape Horn, it unavoidably incurs.

An order should be issued for a careful and immediate survey of the different places enumerated above; it can cost but little, in comparison of its utility.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, JUNE 19.

Friday se'nnight Prince William and Prince Ernest of Hesse visited this University.

Thursday John Everest, M.A. was admitted Fellow of Corpus Christi College.

On Monday, the 14th inst. the following Degrees were conferred:—

DOCTOR IN MEDICINE.—James Player Lind, of Wadhams College.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Thomas Anderson, Esq. of Exeter College, Grand Compounder; Hugh Davis Owen, Scholar of Jesus College; Rev. Wm. Riland Bedford, of University College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—John Wigley Perrott, Charles Halford Sheppard, Sampson Sober Wood, of Queen's College; James Edward Newell, of Worcester College; George Robinson, Fellow of New College; John Holden Harrison, of Wadhams College; Thomas Winter, of Lincoln Coll.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 18.

The following gentlemen were on Friday last admitted to the undermentioned Degrees:

BACHELORS IN DIVINITY.—William Leeson, Fellow of Clare Hall; Richard Duffield, Fellow of St. John's College; Thos. Wilkinson, Trinity College, rector of Bulran, Essex; W. H. Markby, Fellow of Corpus Christi College; Francis Henson and Thomas Carew, Fellows of Sidney College.

BACHELORS IN CIVIL LAW.—Osgood Gee, and Edward Hughes of Trinity Hall; Wm. Beckford Colman, of Catharine Hall; John Henry Hogarth, of Emmanuel College.

BACHELOR OF ARTS.—Wm. Charles Lambert, of Trinity College.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EXPEDITIONS UNDERTAKEN AT THE EXPENSE OF COUNT ROMANZOW.

It is well known that the voyage round the world of Otto von Kotzebue, was undertaken at the expense of Count Romanzow. At this moment, the same noble

patron of science is fitting out two new expeditions at his own charge; the one is intended to pass from Asia to America, across the solid fields of ice, to the north of the country of the Tschutki; the other is to sail up one of the rivers which fall into the sea on the north-west coast, or Russian America, in order to penetrate through the unknown space between the Icy Cape and the river Mackenzie.

BOTANY.

The new edition of Linnaeus's system of plants, begun by Doctors Römer and Schultes, after proceeding to within a few sheets of the conclusion of the fifth volume, was suddenly stopped in its progress by the former of these gentlemen falling a prey to his extraordinary exertions. His colleague, though sincerely lamenting the loss of so able an assistant, succeeded in inducing some of the most eminent Botanists of the continent to join their efforts to his, and become co-editors of the remaining volumes, by bearing such a share in them as they themselves should judge convenient. This society will, doubtless, communicate to the remaining volumes a considerable degree of perfection. But as the British Islands are known to possess in their hot-houses, green-houses, &c. vegetable treasures and rarities from remote parts of the globe, far surpassing those of the continent; and as many of the most important publications on Botany, which have appeared in this country, are not known abroad, even by name, the Society alluded to take this opportunity of inviting the British Botanists to supply this deficiency, and elucidate any portion of the vegetable system they please, either by separate papers or detached observations, and allow their names to be mentioned in the title-page. They offer for the printed sheet a gratuity which cannot but appear very small to British contributors, and engage to compensate every incidental expense, such as postage, &c. Letters and communications to be addressed either to Dr. Schultes, professor of Botany in the Bavarian University of Landshuth, or to Mr. J. G. Cotta, at Stuttgart.*

* Though this notice is rather of the advertising class, we insert it, as it may be useful to our Botanical readers.—Ed.

THE FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

We are induced, by a pressure of matter, to postpone till next week our concluding remarks on the Exhibition, which, we understand, closes on the 3d of July, being three weeks added to the six heretofore assigned for the duration of this annual display.

WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

The Water-Colour Exhibition at Spring Gardens closed on Saturday, after, we fear, a rather unprosperous season. We rejoice

* Without mountains, at least.

to learn that next year this truly national School intends to revert to its original Institutions. Its plea for opening an Exhibition apart from Somerset House, was, that the vicinity of Oil Paintings spoiled the effect of Water Colours; and lo! it soon hung one half of its own walls with Paintings in Oil! We anticipate much more consistent and far better things for 1819.

BRITISH GALLERY.

*Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum illepidè putetur, sed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et præmia
posci.*

The Dutch pictures in this collection are numerous, and many of them very fine in their kind. No. 63, by Jan Steen, is excellent, as far as effect, colouring and handling are concerned: but the characters are so vulgar that one wonders to see them at an instrument. The painting is firm and manly, so exactly preserving the proper medium between minuteness and indistinctness, that we think this style of handling might be adopted with success, even in more elevated subjects. We cannot say as much of Gerard Douw's manner. In No. 24, "A Saint at his devotions," he has gone out of his usual walk, and failed. The parts are beautifully finished: but in such a subject, the attention should dwell principally upon the figure; whereas, in this picture, the eye is drawn off by the lantern, thistle, &c. It should ever be remembered, that deception is not the object of the higher walks of painting: these address themselves to the mind rather than to the eye, and we should have our attention directed to the subject, not to the painter. In elevated subjects, what is vulgarly called "vast nature," is a disadvantage: they are generally as much degraded by minute finishing, as serious poetry would be by homely or ordinary language. No. 77. The Misers. Teniers. This is on a larger scale than he usually painted, but it is an excellent picture. The effect is admirable, and all the subordinate parts are inimitably touched. But Teniers's flesh is generally too sallow and opaque, it seems to want blood and pearly tints: this is rather the case, with the woman's head and hand, in this picture. No. 49. (Excepting for this leathery colouring) is an admirable picture: it is beautifully touched, the dog in the foreground is all but alive. Nos. 96. 97. 99. 100. are excellent pictures, by Ostade. We think his pictures more perfect than any of the Dutch Interiors; inasmuch as the means are concealed, by which he produced his effects. Teniers's shadows are so thin, that the ground is continually seen; and though this sometimes gives an appearance of lightness and facility, it still oftener looks slight and washy: nor is it always in character with the sharp determined pencil of his lights. Ostade's shadows are full bodied, but perfectly clear; and his pictures in consequence look completely of a piece. Here are several pretty pictures, by Metz, Terburg, Mieris, &c.

but we do not partake in the admiration often expressed for this kind of painting. In those of Wilkie, Teniers, &c. the accessories form a part of the subject, and are, besides, kept in due subordination. But the carpet and fur painters are unwilling that any of their labour shall be overlooked, and therefore take especial care that this part of the picture shall catch the eye first. We admire high finishing, when bestowed on worthy objects; but some of this minute trifling deserves no more applause than writing the ten commandments in a silver penny. There are two excellent Hobbins in this collection. No. 114 is by far the finest we have ever seen; and it is in such perfect preservation, as to afford a scale for ascertaining in what degree other similar pictures have suffered from time or cleaning. The shadows are clearer than most Hobbins, and the masses are quite sufficient, without producing blackness. No. 48. A Frost Piece. Vanderneer. A very extraordinary picture. This artist generally painted moonlights, and he has here shewn his predilection for a focus of light, without sacrificing any of the truth of broad day-light. The depth and character of every part of this picture deserve the greatest praise, but we are quite certain the sky has sustained some injury, and that it is much bluer than when first painted. No. 18. Ruysdael, is an admirable coast scene, painted with perfect truth. No. 133. Landscape, with Waterfall, is also very good. We omit Paul Potter, Wouvermans, and Berghem, in order to find room for Cuyper. His pictures are all strongly mannered, and characterised by great breadth of brilliancy. He generally chose a setting sun, for the sake of a broad glow. He did not draw correctly, but painted with great firmness; and though fond of sparkling lights, never lost sight of his masses. He knew nothing of perspective: so that if a boat is introduced in an oblique position, he makes it quite straight at the water-mark, and consequently deeper than it should be at the receding end. Upon the whole, he is one of the safest models that can be chosen among the Dutch; for his faults are obvious, and he has no dangerous minuteness to lead the young artist astray.

T. C.

Rome, 25th May.

The Mausoleum of the three last Princes of the House of Stuart, executed by the celebrated Canova, is now exposed to the view of the public, in the church of the Vatican. There are statues of James III., Charles Edward, and the Cardinal of York. This beautiful monument of Carrara marble, is twenty-seven palms in height (about 9 feet.)

In the course of this month the search of the Tiber will begin. The preparations for this grand undertaking are carrying on with the greatest activity.

The excavations of Pompeii are continued with success. They have lately discovered there several edifices, in the fine street which leads to the Temple of Isis,

to that of Hercules, and to the Theatre. In a house which doubtless belonged to some man of science, there were found some surgical instruments of excellent workmanship, and some paintings representing fruits and animals, which are worthy of admiration, for the extreme truth of the imitation.

One good turn deserves another.—We are such lovers of puns, that we cannot refuse our readers a participation in the best that come to our knowledge. The author of the following is a person of great genius as an artist, and may, perhaps, acquire some additional fame by the display of his talent in other ways. That he may miss nothing through our jealousy, we promote him to italics.

Mr. Alfred E. Chalon begs to acknowledge the Number of the Literary Gazette containing the critique on his Portrait of the late Princess Charlotte, and cannot but congratulate himself on having given rise to the beautiful pun of the Carnations, with which it terminates; it really is the very pink of perfection, in that department of jeux d'esprit.

Mr. A. E. C. begs to inform the Editor, that in future he need not take the trouble to send the paper, as he has the pleasure of subscribing to it.

June 22d, 1819,
11, Great Marlborough Street.

We may note that it is the practice of our Publishers to send a copy of the Literary Gazette to every person whose works are mentioned in that publication, that they may know what has been publicly said of them, whether the report be good or evil. Mr. C. had in this respect only a common and impartial chance, and we rejoice that it has evoked so spirited a retort. By practice he may become a tolerable punster, as we understand he is an admirable caricaturist, and have seen that he is a very excellent artist.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FROM THE LEGEND OF MONTROSE

[See preceding Review.]

SONG to the Harp, to charm a moody Mind.

Birds of omen dark and foul,
Night-crow, raven, bat and owl,
Leave the sick man to his dream—
All night long he heard your scream—
Haste to cave and ruined tower,
Ivy, tod, or dangled-bower,
There to wink and mop, for, hark!
In the mid air sings the lark.

Hie to moorish gills and rocks,
Prowling wolf and wily fox,—
Hie you fast, nor turn your view,
Though the lamb bleats to the ewe.
Couch your trains, and speed your flight,
Safety parts with parting night;
And on distant echo born,
Come the hunter's early horn.

The moon's wan crescent scarcely gleams,
 Ghost-like she fades in morning beams;
 Hence each peevish imp and fay
 That scare the pilgrim on his way
 Quench, kelpy! quench, in bog and fen,
 Thy torch that cheats benighted men;
 Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done,
 For Benyieglo hath seen the sun.

Wild thoughts, that, sinful, dark and deep,
 O'erpower the passive mind in sleep,
 Pass from the slumberer's soul away,
 Like night-mists from the brow of day:—
 Foul hag, whose blasted visage grim
 Smothers the pulse, unnerves the limb,
 Spur thy dark palfrey, and begone!
 Thou dar'st not face the godlike sun.

THE ORPHAN MAID.

November's hail-cloud drifts away,
 November's sun-beam wan
 Looks coldly on the castle grey,
 When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
 Her arms, her feet, were bare,
 The hail-drops had not melted yet,
 Amid her raven hair.

"And, dame," she said, "by all the ties
 That child and mother know,
 Aid one who never knew these joys,
 Relieve an orphan's woe."

The lady said, "An orphan's state
 Is hard and sad to bear;
 Yet worse the widow'd mother's fate,
 Who mourns both lord and heir.

"Twelve times the rolling year has sped,
 Since, while from vengeance wild
 Of fierce Strathallan's chief I fled,
 Forth's eddies whelmed my child."

"Twelve times the year its course has born,"
 The wandering maid replied,
 "Since fishers on St. Bridget's morn
 Drew nets on Campsie side.

"St. Bridget sent no scaly spoil;
 An infant, well nigh dead,
 They saved, and reared in want and toil,
 To beg from you her bread."

That orphan maid the lady kissed,—
 "My husband's looks you bear;
 Saint Bridget and her morn be blessed!
 You are his widow's heir."

They've robbed that maid, so poor and pale,
 In silk and sandals rare;
 And pearls, for drops of frozen hail,
 Are glistening in her hair.*

* The admirers of pure Celtic antiquity, notwithstanding the elegance of the above translation, may be desirous to see a literal version from the original Gaelic, which we therefore subjoin; and have only to add, that the original is deposited with Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

The hail-blast had drifted away upon the wings of the gale of autumn. The sun looked from between the clouds, pale as the wounded hero who rears his head feebly on the heath when the roar of battle hath passed over him.

Finely, the Lady of the Castle, came forth to see her maidens pass to the herds with their kelpies.

There sat an orphan maiden beneath the old oak-tree of appointment. The withered leaves

fell around her, and her heart was more withered than they.

The parent of the ice (poetically taken for the frost) still congealed the hail-drops in her hair; they were like the specks of white ashes on the twisted boughs of the blackened and half-consumed oak.

And the maiden said, "Give me comfort, Lady, I am an orphan child." And the Lady replied, "How can I give that which I have not? I am the widow of a slain lord,—the mother of a perished child. When I fled in my fear from the vengeance of my husband's foe, our bark was overwhelmed in the tide, and my infant perished. This was on Saint Bridget's morn, near the strong Lyns of Campsie. May ill luck light upon the day." And the maiden answered, "It was on Saint Bridget's morn, and twelve harvests before this time, that the fishermen of Campsie drew in their nets neither grilse nor salmon, but an infant half dead, who hath since lived in misery, and must die, unless she is now aided." And the Lady answered, "Blessed be Saint Bridget and her morn, for these are the dark eyes and the falcon look of my slain lord; and thine shall be the inheritance of his widow." And she called for her waiting attendants, and she bade them clothe that maiden in silk and in samite; and the pearls which they have wove among her black tresses, were whiter than the frozen hail-drops.

SONG of a humble Maid in love with a person of noble rank.

Wer't thou, like me, in life's low vale,
 With thee how blest, that lot I'd share;
 With thee I'd fly wherever gale
 Could waft, or bounding gally bear.
 But parted by severe decree,
 Far different must our fortunes prove;
 May thine be joy—enough for me
 To weep, and pray for him I love.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
 When hope shall be for ever flown,
 No sullen murmur shall reveal,
 No selfish murmurs ever own.
 Nor will I through life's weary years,
 Like a pale drooping mourner move,
 While I can think my secret tears
 May wound the heart of him I love.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. XXI.

A MASQUERADE SCENE.

As Lord and Lady Foppington were sitting at breakfast, his Lordship informed his Lady that he was going that night to the Masquerade. "I should like to go too," replied the latter. "Oh! by no means," said my Lord; "I merely go to oblige Sir Charles Greenhorn: he is only eighteen, and has never seen a thing of the kind. As for myself, I detest such amusements." "You never miss one, however," observed Lady Foppington, rather warmly. "Perhaps," replied he, "I may be drawn into going by some means or other; but I really dislike them. Masquerades are falling off greatly of late; the company is very promiscuous; and they are entertainments at which a married woman should never be seen."

"Not over and above correct for a married man neither," said her Ladyship, dryly. "Lady Foppington, I am the best judge of that," answered my Lord, coldly and haughtily. Lady Foppington flounced; for she was determined to go. "I will go," said she, in a hasty and peremptory tone. "Then, madam, you will forfeit my regard, and disobey my orders also." "Orders, forsooth!" exclaimed her Ladyship. "Unkind! ungrateful man!" Here she took out her handkerchief, and wiped a tearless eye; hoping that that would certainly succeed. "My dear Fanny," cried my Lord, embracing her more tenderly than truly; "your health and good name are what I most have at heart; both might suffer by your going; allow me therefore to entreat you to stay at home." "That, indeed!" cried Lady F. "I can be persuaded to do any thing." Lord F. aside, "The devil you can!" (Lady F. in continuance,) "Any thing which you ask me kindly to do, you may command; but force or tyrannical authority is abominable." "Well, said, Fanny." Here they kissed and looked foolish, parted, and followed their separate morning amusements.

At seven they met at dinner, vastly agreeable and cheerful. They had not dined *tête à tête* for a twelvemonth. They joked about it; affected to say how pleasant it was; and compared notes as to their evening engagements. Lady Foppington was going to the Opera, and pledged her word to be home by twelve. My Lord was engaged to look in at a *Conversazione*, to call for the young Baronet at the club, and to finish with the Masquerade. "What dress will you go in?" said Lady F. in a kind and unconcerned tone. "A domino, my love; but why do you ask?" "I don't know, just from idleness; I am sure it is nothing to me."

Now this was a great deal to her: it was a matter which she was determined to know. My Lord, however, did not mean to go in a domino; nor did her Ladyship intend to go to the Opera; neither was Lord F. going to the *Conversazione*, nor engaged to Sir Charles Greenhorn. He was engaged to a *chère amie*, and together they went to the Masquerade, habited as Spanish dancers. Lady F. also kept her resolution of going to the Masquerade; and, in order to watch his Lordship's actions, she bribed his valet de chambre to show her his domino, in order that she might put a private mark upon it. The valet showed her the Spanish dress and the mask; and she was enabled to be a spy upon her roving mate, in spite of all his precautions.

She now made up her own party, consisting of her cousin, a Colonel in the foot Guards, and her sister. The latter was dressed as a Spanish cavalier, with a guitar. The Colonel wore a domino; and her Ladyship hung on her sister's arm, habited as a nun just stolen by the cavalier out of a convent. They soon perceived Lord Foppington and his *Querida*. They followed them, and listened to a great deal of soft nonsense, which passed between them,

"Are you not afraid of making Lady F. jealous, by this infidelity?" said the Spanish mask, as she hung on his Lordship's arm. "Not at all, lovely Maria," replied his Lordship; "I am too old a soldier for that." "You married men are great rogues," replied the seducing girl. "You must go home in decent time tomorrow," added Maria. "Not till five," said my Lord. "But, my love, you may depend upon my meeting you at three in the afternoon, in the New Road; and I will drive you to my cottage at Datchet, on pretence of your wanting to look at it to purchase it." "Very pretty, indeed!" whispered Lady F. to her sister.

The cavalier now introduced himself to Maria, and requested her hand for a waltz. "May I dance, love?" said she to my Lord, in Spanish. "Just one waltz, but—no more." The nun now requested the protection of Lord F.'s arm, which he willingly granted, and kept up an amazing flirtation during the waltz. "I wish you would unmask," said he. "I am sure that a very pretty face is under that veil; your voice is most attractive, though it is feigned; and I rather think I have heard it somewhere before." "It must then have been abroad," said she; "for I have only been three days in England. But what a gay deceiver you must be! I know that you are married; and here you have one *chère amie*; and the moment her back is turned, you are making love to another." "Not I, upon my soul," replied he; "I must and I will know you; I assure you that I am a single man; I am too wild to marry. The lady with me is my sister. But such a one as you might fix any man, were he ever so inconstant," (kisses her hand.) "Will you meet me in the Park at twelve?" said Lady F. "Undoubtedly, sweet lady." "And give me a pledge to produce?" "There, take that ring," said he. "And be faithful to your word," added the Nun. "On my soul!"

At this moment they separated. "How long you were waltzing!" said Lord F. to Maria; "I was quite uneasy, and envied your partner not a little; you danced so much *con amore*, that I felt half jealous." "And I," replied Maria, "kept my eye upon you and the Nun, and I was quite jealous; for you squeezed her hand most tenderly, and I dare say made an appointment with her." "Not I, by Jove," said my Lord; "you know that I am engaged to you; and when the heart is of the party, one never breaks an engagement. Besides, I looked under her mask; and she is as ordinary a little snub-nosed thing as ever you saw."

Lady Foppington now thought it time to withdraw. She took leave of the Colonel, and went home with her sister. They concerted matters together; and Lady F. changed her dress, and sat playing her harp when her Lord returned. "A very pretty hour for you to be up!" exclaimed he. "I have had such horrid dreams," replied his Lady; "that I rose, dressed myself, and had recourse to my harp, in order to calm the agitation of my mind. I

dreamed that you were unfaithful to me, and that we were to part, and the thought almost broke my heart." "Admirable Fanny!" replied he, embracing her, "not for the world! Where could I find thy like?" "Oh! any where, perhaps at the Masquerade."

"You know," continued she, "that I have got such a snub-nose." "Not you, by Jove," exclaimed her Lord; "it is as pretty a Grecian nose as ever I saw." "Ah! too bad, Lord F. you know that you used to praise that *petit nez retroussé* once; but why did I believe it? you men are so given to deceit." "Not I, Fan. But let us retire." "Not yet, my dear Lord; tell me about the Masquerade; whom did you see?" "No one, love, of our acquaintance." "Indeed!" "No, you never saw such a *turn out* in your life; not a pretty woman in the room." "What a pity! what, no one to flirt with?" "No, not one; I did not quit the Baronet's arm one moment." "What, not to talk soft nonsense, or to make an appointment with any one?" "No, not I."

"Come now (in a fond, sportive tone)—come, now, Frederick, do tell the truth; I won't be angry." "Upon my life, I have nothing to tell." "Where's your ring, my Lord?" "Oh! (a little confused) I lost it, and—and—and my pocket handkerchief, and my snuff-box, I fear, also." (Fumbling in his pocket, it rolls under the table:—he stoops to pick it up, and perceives the Cavalier hidden.) "Infamous woman! it was for this that you sat up! that you affected a wish to go to the Masquerade, yet stayed at home! that you pretended to be engaged at the Opera, where I am sure you did not go!" "Yes, my Lord; and it was for this that you broke your engagements at the *Conversazione* and the Club! that you preferred a Spanish dress to a domino, and a Spanish girl to your unfortunate wife! that, when your first caprice was absent a moment, you tried to mislead another woman, habited as a Nun, and that you made an assignation with her." "All false as hell, Madam! and although you may have had me watched at the Masquerade, yet I shall not put up with your perfidy. Tomorrow you shall be known—tomorrow you shall be rendered infamous; and as for you, Sir, (turning to the Cavalier,) I will shoot you through the head; so meet me in three hours in the fields near Paddington; and, in the mean time, quit my house, or I'll murder you," (he seizes the poker—Lady Foppington's sister unmask.) "There, my Lord." "Shameful, Madam, indeed this conspiracy is too bad—but—I confess—I am to blame,—but not to the extent which you may think,—pray, Fanny, in what dress did you go to the Masquerade?" "Not as a Spanish dancer, my Lord. But will you swear that you made no appointment?" "None, by —" (she put her hand upon his lips.) "What! not in the New Road?" "Certainly not." "Nor to go to Datchet?" "What should make Datchet run in your head? No, certainly." "Nor in the Park, with the Nun?" "No." "Fie, fie, my Lord!" holding up

the ring.—"Death and confusion, this is too bad," exclaimed he, humiliated and full of regret.—"Too old a soldier to be found out!" exultingly observed Lady F.—"Do not abuse your victory," cried my Lord; "I am beaten sufficiently already, and little enough in my own eyes."—"Not so in those of Maria!" tauntingly replied his Lady.—"This is too much."

Here the sister interfered; and a reconciliation took place. Promises for the future ensured a general amnesty for the past; an excuse was sent to Maria, and that connexion was broken off; and he did not go to Datchet, but left town for Bath for a month, to pass a second honeymoon with his lawful bride. As the quarrels of lovers are the renewals of love, so are perfect reconciliations the roads to added affection; but they are dangerous, and not to be trusted. Let not the wandering husband expect always to find a Lady Foppington: retaliation and disgrace are the more common concomitants of crime. The momentary jealousy on perceiving the imagined Cavalier was no bad lesson in itself, added to the ring and the appointment. Lady F. ever after kept the ring as a token of her victory; and his Lordship kept a better thing, namely, his promise.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE COMPANY: HAYMARKET.

The notice of this meritorious effort in our last, had, we trust, the effect of exciting, as far as our influence goes, the encouragement it deserves. The theatre is evidently better filled than when we first visited it; and as the merits of the performances become known, it will doubtless hold bumpers to the end of its brief campaign.

On Friday, Mr. Kean performed Richard; but impressed as we were with a predisposition to approve of his acting on such an occasion, and on such a stage, we regret to observe, that the earlier parts of his performance were unusually languid; and it was only by bursts in the last two acts that he displayed those qualities which have procured for him so high a reputation. Munden's *Lazarillo*, in the *Farce of Two Strings to your Bow*, was incomparably rich. Little can be said for the rest of the performers, either in the play or in the entertainment. On Saturday, *The Road to Ruin* and the *Spoil'd Child*, afforded the public an opportunity of seeing their old favourite Miss Booth, in *Sophia* and *Little Pickle*. In both she displayed great dramatic talent, and forced us to the conclusion, that her place upon the regular boards has not been advantageously filled up. On Monday, Elliston played *Rover*, in *Wild Oats*, with great animation; and with the exception of the Mountaineers, on Wednesday, which was but indifferently done, sterling Comedies and Farces have been got up every night with a measure of *table excellence*, delightful to every lover of the genuine drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—Benefits, with all sorts of attractions for curiosity. Liston on a Velocipede, as if wood would add to his comic deserts; Farley with a fire-balloon and masquerade, as if his own buoyant genius and versatility were not sufficient; Blanchard, the meritorious actor, modestly courting us with *The Slave* and the Miller and his Men; and Miss O'Neill returning to a concluding round of her parts to finish her engagement—are the features which, in the future history of such memorable events, will occupy the researches of the Antiquarian, the investigations of the Philosopher, the inquiries of the learned, and the interest of mankind. At present we do not think it requisite to say any more about them.

THE ENGLISH OPERA has given us nothing yet but revivals, which, though good, do not claim notice further than they are improved by Dowton's exertions. We had forgot to mention the debut of a Mr. O'Callaghan, as a bass singer of considerable abilities. His voice is rich and deep; and as he appears to be a young actor, with taste and knowledge of music, we have no doubt but that he will become an efficient in his line, by a very short probation upon the stage.

THE SURREY THEATRE pursues a course of uncommon and excellent variety. Florence Macarthy has become a decided favourite; and a new piece has been produced, called a comic divertissement, with "entirely new Comic, Pathetic, Historic, Anachronistic, Ethic, Epic Melange." Full of doleful mirth and right merrie conceit. It is entitled, MELODRAME MAD! or, the *Siege of Troy*. The Situations and Sentiments from Mr. HOMER, a blind old Ballad-singer; one SHAKESPEARE, a Warwickshire Deer-stealer. The Language of the Gods from A POPE, and many of the Songs are GAY. The ancient Music from some of the greatest Lyres of the earliest ages; the modern Compositions by Arne, Attwood, Bishop, Dibdin, Reeve, Sheild, Sanderson, &c.; the new Music by Mr. Erskine. The Scenery taken from several Spots of Greece (and Troy); the Artists being prevented, by our present Neutrality, from attending the Siege, have left the task of Invention and Execution to the talents of Mr. Wilson, assisted by his Pupils H. Wilson, C. R. Dibdin, &c. The Dresses, a la Grec, from the classic Scissors and Needles of Mr. Brett and Miss Freelove. The Machinery by Ben Johnson the Carpenter.—This whimsical drama is replete with fun and merriment, and the gods and mortals on the stage please not only the gods in the Gallery, but the mortals in the Boxes, and we presume from their situation) the Infernals in the Pit. It is a jeu d'esprit in Mr. Dibdin's best manner, and, we need scarcely add, full of whim and drollery.

VARIETIES.

A monument is now erecting at Pontefract, to commemorate the victory at Water-

loo. It forms a pleasing object to the surrounding country.—*Sheffield Mercury*.

Cherubini, the superintendant of the music in the King of France's chapel, is composing the music for the ceremony of His Majesty's approaching coronation.

The Morning Post of Tuesday, speaking of the moving mountain, of which we gave an account in our last, says, "An article from *Namur* of the 12th inst. (contained in the French papers received yesterday) says: 'The moving mountain causes considerable alarm here, it being only half a league distant, and its movements still continuing.'"

In digging the foundations of the ancient false rampart near the old bridge of Saint Etienne, a medal of the Emperor Trajan, with the *Fortuna Augusta* on the reverse, has been found in excellent preservation.

Assassination, if it has not now its open advocates, has, dreadful to remark, at least its palliators in our enlightened times. Some of the infamous apologies for Bellingham in our own country have been equalled on the Continent by the observations on the murder of Kotzebue. A Belgian Journal says: "It is remarkable that the name of the Brutus who has delivered Germany from the tyranny of the mind, is the same with that of the Italian who wished to rescue Europe from the despot destined to be its oppressor. *Sand* may be translated in Latin by *Arena*."

The famous dancer Albert is at Naples just now what Duport has been with us. One of the journals compares the impression made by his debut to that of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius!

TRAIT OF DANDYISM.—A gentleman looking at the Exhibition of the British Institution with a Catalogue in his hand, was accosted by a simpering Dandy, with a lisping, "Pray, Sir, by whom is that picture?" "That is a Cuypp, Sir," was the answer. After a little while, the amateur, standing before another fine work, was again accosted by the Exquisite, "Sorry to be troublesome, Sir, but who is that by?" "That is by Cuypp, Sir, and esteemed one of his finest pieces." A third interrogatory was soon after employed, and again it happened that a Cuypp was the object of attraction. "That also," said the gentleman, courteously, "is a charming Cuypp:—upon which the Dandy, elevating his eyes about three lines, characteristically observed, "*Lots of Cuypps here, I think!*"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PORTUGUESE LITERATURE.

The Baron de São Lourenço, Principal Treasurer of the Royal Treasury of Brazil, Knight Commander of the Orders of Christ and of the Conception, and one of the Council of His Most Faithful Majesty, has executed a translation of Pope's *Essay on Man* into Portuguese verse, completing his

version within exactly the same number of lines as the original. To this translation he has appended a vast body of notes, containing extracts from the works of many of the most eminent poets and philosophers of ancient and modern times, with various original observations, critical, historical, and illustrative of the text. The whole work will shortly be published in this country by a Literary Society. It will consist of three volumes in quarto, printed in a handsome form, and will be embellished by portraits of Alexander Pope (from a full-length likeness by Jervas, never before published) and also of the translator, as well as an illustration of each epistle, designed by an artist of celebrity, and engraved in the first style of line-engraving. The acknowledged motive of this publication is to create a stimulus favourable to the progress of letters and the arts in Portugal and Brazil, and to promote the knowledge of the English language and literature in those countries: in the furtherance of this object it has the express sanction of the King of Portugal and Brazil, to whom it is inscribed, by permission, in an epistolary dedication.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JUNE.

Thursday, 17.—Thermometer from 45 to 66. Barometer from 30, 24 to 30, 27.

Wind N. and NE. 4.—Generally cloudy; sunshine at times in the morning.

Friday, 18.—Thermometer from 51 to 60. Barometer from 30, 21 to 30, 24.

Wind NW. and NE. 3.—Generally cloudy, raining most of the morning.

Saturday, 19.—Thermometer from 51 to 70. Barometer from 30, 28 to 30, 22.

Wind N. 2.—Generally clear till noon, the rest of the day cloudy.

Rain fallen, 475 of an inch.

Sunday, 20.—Thermometer from 50 to 67.

Barometer from 30, 37 to 30, 39.

Wind N. 1.—Generally clear. About 10 in the morning the upper part of a halo was formed, strongly coloured.

Monday, 21.—Thermometer from 41 to 72.

Barometer from 30, 34 to 30, 28.

Wind SW. 1, and NW. 2.—Clear.

Tuesday, 22.—Thermometer from 45 to 66.

Barometer from 30, 23, to 30, 22.

Wind NW. 2.—Morning clear, the rest of the day generally cloudy.

Wednesday, 23.—Thermometer from 53 to 68.

Barometer from 30, 22, to 30, 14.

Wind SW. 1.—Generally cloudy.

Latitude 51.37.32. N.

Longitude 3.51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent at Ashford is informed, that the *Literary Gazette* sent by post is stamped, otherwise it could not be transmitted in that way to the country; and the London *Literary Gazette*, being delivered by hand, is not liable to the duty. This makes the difference in price to which he alludes.

Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

30 York-st. *British Gallery, Pall Mall.*

THIS GALLERY, with a Selection of the most celebrated Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open, every day, from nine in the morning until six in the evening.—Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s. (By Order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Mr. West's Exhibition.

THE great Picture **DEATH** on the **PALE HORSE**, Christ Rejected, St. Peter's First Sermon, the Brazen Serpent, St. Paul and Barnabas turning to the Gentiles, with several Pictures and Sketches on Scriptural Subjects, are now Exhibiting under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at No. 125, Pall Mall, near Carlton House, every day from ten till five. CHARLES SMART, Secretary.

Pictures.

MR. BULLOCK will **SELL** by **AUCTION**, at the **Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly**, on Tuesday the 29th inst. a valuable collection of **PAINTINGS**, principally of the **Dutch and Flemish School**, lately brought from the Continent, containing fine specimens of the following masters: **Coyb, Berghem, P. De Hooghe, Wynants, Mezzes, Polombert, Robbina, Elshimer, G. Noet, Ruysdael**.—To be viewed and catalogues had three days previous to the sale.

Alabaster Vases, Statues, &c.

By **MR. BULLOCK**, at the **Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly**, on Thursday the 1st of July, at One o'clock, a magnificent assemblage of **ALABASTER VASES**, from the antique; copies of many of the finest Ancient Statues, as large as life; &c. &c.—To be viewed and catalogues had three days previous to the sale.

By **MR. BULLOCK**, at the **Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly**, on Tuesday the 6th July, and two following days, a very extensive Museum of **FOREIGN and NATURAL CURIOSITIES**, comprising the largest collection ever made of Curious Dresses, Arms, Military and Domestic Implements, &c. from the whole of the Islands in the South Seas. Also a Collection of Shells, Minerals, &c.—To be viewed and catalogues had three days previous to the sale.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION of **COBBETT'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR**.—Price 1s. 6d. Printed for William Wright, 46, Fleet Street.

HUMAN LIFE. A Poem. By **SAMUEL ROGERS**.—A new Edition, in small 8vo. uniform with the Pleasures of Memory, 5s. 6d. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

ITALY, its Agriculture, &c. From the French of M. Chateaubriand. Being Letters written by him from Italy, in the Years 1813, 1815. Translated by **EDWARD RIGBY**, Esq. M.D. F.L. and H.S.—In 1 vol. 8vo. price 7s. 6d. boards. Printed for Rowland Hunter, Successor to Mr. Johnson, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard.

DIALOGUES on **BOTANY**, for the Use of Young Persons; explaining the Structure of Plants, and the Progress of Vegetation.—In 1 vol. 12mo. 8s. 6d. Printed for Rowland Hunter, Successor to Mr. Johnson, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard.

In the Press, Dialogues on Entomology, with 25 plates.

Elegantly printed in 8vo. embellished with a Portrait, price 7s. 6d.

MEMOIRS of the Life of **THOMAS PAINE**, Author of *Common Sense*, *Rights of Man*, &c. &c. With Anecdotes of some of his Contemporaries, and an Appendix, containing several pieces by Mr. Paine, which have not yet appeared before the public. By **W. T. SHERWIN**. London: Printed for the Author, and published by R. Carlisle, 55, Fleet Street.

ANCIENT HUMOROUS POETRY, No. 2, containing *Cornu-Copiae*, *Pasquill's Night Cap*; or, *Antidote for the Head-Ache*, 1612.—Price 9s. extra bds. Published by Robert Triphook, 23, Old Bond Street. Where may be had, *Triphook's Catalogue* for 1818, Part 2, containing his Foreign Books, now on sale.

A DISSERTATION on the **DISORDER** of **DEATH**, or that State of the Frame under the Signs of Death called *Suspended Animation*; recommending the same Remedies of the Resuscitative Process, to be applied to Cases of Natural Death, as they are to Cases of Violent Death, Drowning, &c. By the Rev. **WALTER WHITER**.—In 1 vol. 8vo. boards, price 14s. Printed for the Author; Sold by S. Hayes, King Street, Covent Garden, London; Deighton and Son, Cambridge; and W. Booth, Norwich.

Where may be had, by the same Author, *Etymologicon Universale*, or *Universal Etymological Dictionary*, 2 vols. 4to. price 4l. 4s.

LEOLIN ABBEY. A Novel. By **ALICIA LEFANU**, Author of "*Strathallan*," and "*Helen Montague*."—3 vols. 12mo. price 1l. 12s. bds. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

Of whom may be had, lately published, *Dudley*. A Novel. By Miss O'Keefe, Author of "*Patriarchal Times*," "*Zenobia*," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 12s. bds. A Traveller's Tale of the Last Century. By Miss Spence. 3 vols. 16s. 6d. The Veteran, or Matrimonial Felicities. 3 vols. 1l. 12s. Hesitation, or To Marry or not to Marry. By the Author of the Bachelor and Married Man. 3 vols. 18s.

In 12mo. price 10s. 6d. bds, illustrated with Twenty-two Engravings by Lowry,

CONVERSATIONS on **NATURAL PHILOSOPHY**, in which the Elements of that Science are familiarly explained, and adapted to the Comprehension of Young Pupils. By the Author of "*Conversations on Chemistry*," and "*Conversations on Political Economy*." Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown.

Of whom may be had, *Conversations on Chemistry*. Illustrated by Experiments. In 2 vols. 12mo. with Plates by Lowry. The 6th Edition, enlarged, 14s. boards.

Conversations on Political Economy. Third Edition, improved, in 1 large vol. 12mo. 9s. boards.

TALES of **MY LANDLORD**. The Third Series. Containing "*The Bride of Lammernuir*," and "*A Legend of Montrose*."—In 4 vols. 1l. 12s. bds. Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Constable and Co.; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 90, Cheapside, London.

Of whom may be had, New Editions of 1. *Tales of My Landlord*, First Series, containing "*The Black Dwarf*," and "*Old Mortality*." 4 vols. 1l. 8s. bds. 2. *Tales of My Landlord*, Second Series, containing "*The Heart of Mid-Lothian*." 4 vols. 1l. 12s. bds. 3. *Waverley*; or, *'Tis Sixty Years Since*. 3 vols. 1l. 12s. bds. 4. *Guy Mannering*; or, *The Astrologer*. 3 vols. 1l. 12s. bds. 5. *The Antiquary*. 3 vols. 1l. 4s. boards. 6. *Rob Roy*. 3 vols. 1l. 4s. boards. 7. *Sets of the above Works*, uniform, in 24 vols. 9l. 2s. boards.

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